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ANNE L. PRESSET.

# CHERISHED THOUGHTS

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## Poems and Sketches

BY

Anne L. Presset.

1901.

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BY

ANNE L. PRESSET.

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# DEDICATION.

I DEDICATE this small souvenir of my life's work, with a mother's warmest love, to my dear children and grandchildren; hoping, when my spirit has taken its homeward flight; and my brain has no more power to dictate the efforts of my mortal life;when the heart ceases its pulsations, which gives this hand power to trace the most ardent desires of my soul on paper; when my voice is hushed in death, and I am no more able, through its sound, to instill into your lives, on this sphere of probation, the teachings of our blesssed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; that your feet may be guided away from the snares and hidden snags, that beset the paths of mankind, and the numerous

temptations of satan that are ever alert, to entice souls into the way of evil, and into forgetfulness of life's duties. It is my earnest and last prayer, that these cherished thoughts may be to you as a guiding star, to keep your feet in the straight and narrow path, until we shall meet again. With the grace of God, in the Eternal World, and be counted fit subjects for His Kingdom: Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

ANNE L. PRESSET.

# PREFACE.

ACCORDING the request of many friends, I undertake to copy these gems of thought, hoping they will meet with the approbation of all, Whose earnest desire, tends towards the aiding, strengthening and comforting, and in short, the general benefiting of humanity, and earnestly hope, that the efforts of my feeble pen, will add one little ray of light and joy; or at least, tend to strengthen the great illumination, which is constantly emanating from my co-workers,both at home and abroad. If I only cast one ray of hope, one spark of comfort, into the vast sea of life. If I can but aid and strengthen my fellow beings

and help them to cling to the rod of righteousness, and look beyond this vale of tears, into a higher holier sphere ; I shall feel content to live and toil, with all the strength which the Lord my God hath given me ; glorifying His holy name, to the end of my days on this earth, hoping my praise and good work will never cease. Through all eternity.

O may these gems of thought,
Transmitted from a world all pure and bright,
Fall on some faint and weary heart,
Like dew drops, through the silent hours of night:
Like drops of rain that gently fall,
Upon the weak and drooping flowers;
To comfort and renew their strength,
To freshen and revive their flagging powers.

O may they lift some soul,
So far above the troubled waves of life;
That it will put aside all earths
Worry, fond pleasure, pain, or care and strife;
To seek the treasures laid away,

Where moth and rust will have no power;
Where never can come vain pride or sin,
To mar the better thoughts of golden hours.

If they but some life turn,
Into the stream that flows unto God's throne,
That it may float unto His feet,
And enter safe into His sacred Home;
Many feeble efforts then will be repaid;
The labor of this heart and hand.
If I can bring one soul alone
Into the glory of a better land.

THE AUTHOR.

# A DESCRIPTION AND REMINISCENSES OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDHOOD HOME.

WELL known village in a valley stands—
A valley all bright and fair—
Where the traveller may,
On the hottest day,
Breathe the cool, fresh mountain air,
And gaze with pride
On the mountain side
Where the oak and maple grow,
And the gay birds sing
Merry songs in spring,
As they flit from bough to bough.

Where the bright wild flowers in springtime bloom
In the meadows soft and green,
And among the rocks

"On the edge of that fair village I dwelt
In the prime of childhood sweet,"

The maiden locks
And the blue-bells may be seen;
And the violet shy,
Will open her eye,
And peep out as you pass;
While the lilly bright,
All pure and white,
Will nod in the mountain grass.

Where the gushing stream does dash and foam
O'er the rocks like crested snow,
And with roaring sound
Will leap and bound,
To the silvery lake below;
Where prim boats play
On a summer day,
And the bathers hail with glee,
As they scatter out
With laugh and shout,
And the wild geese homeward flee.

On the edge of that fair village I dwelt
In the prime of childhood sweet;

By a gentle rill
On the rising hill,
Just where the old cross-roads meet;
In a humble cot,
On a pleasant spot,
That overlooks the village;
On a plot of land,
That was good and grand,
And paid well. for the tillage.

Yes, that is the place where the Homestead stands,
As it stood in days of yore ;
With weeds all around
Where once was found
A garden, grass and flowers.
How the wind doth sigh,
As it passeth by
The place, neglected and forlorn!
The loved ones gone,
Scattered, one by one,
To the youngest that was born.

How my thoughts revert to the scenes so dear,
To the home of my childhood days ;
When those ever dear
To my heart, was near.
And around the cheerful blaze
On a winters night,
When the stars shone bright,
And the frost was keen abroad ;
Where gathered there,
With song and prayer,
Familiar forms, with one accord.

And on each sabbath morn, all clean and neat,
With brothers and sisters four,
I went, hand in hand
(Such a happy band
As we five children were)
To the sabbath school,
(Which was the rule,
As year by year rolled round)
Just at half past past eight—

Scarcely ever late,
And never the last were found.

To hear God's holy word, and learn His ways,
And list to the holy sound
Of the organ sweet,
That our ears did greet,
As the sacrament went 'round.
And thus the sabbath morn was passed;
And when the benediction was pronounced,
We homeward turned our steps,
With thoughts imbued with heavenly things,
To find a mother's smile
To greet us there, and gentle loving
Voice, to sooth and cheer our aching hearts,
When sorrow our childish paths beset,
And ready heart and hands.
To comfort, as they would,
And make our home a place of love and
peace,
Combining with a father's care,
While to watch and protect the ones he loved,

Would ever be his theme:
And calling close into the fold his little flock,
Would ask God's blessing on their heads, in prayer
And thus in memory sweet, I see the home,
Ere childhood's happy days,
Had flown and gone.

Alas ! those scenes, how quickly changed,
How swift my thoughts
From scene to scene doth flee !
With mother gone to dwell above this earth,
So full of woes ; a sister too,
Her last, her youngest one !
The last she fondly clasped unto her breast,
In prattling infancy ;
The pet of all, was left a while,
As if to cheer our torn and bleeding hearts;
Was left to grow, to bud and bloom,
Although her spirit ever longed to flee
To vales where immortality endures.
At last her time had come, she too was gone

Yes, both were gone, to dwell above. They left their
Earthly home and entered into vast eternity.

With those two absent from the home,
How desolate the hearth ;
How cheerless was the place (where once joy)
For those that's left behind, and who
Still tarry here, although by fates
Decree are scattered wide apart.
Yet one still lingers there ;
A father dear who will not leave that hallow'd
Spot, though lonely yet he be ;
Who, though growing old and gray
Will tary there
As long as life and being last,
And nurture memories of the past,
Till death shall take away.

At last His time had come
He, too was called to leave this vale of tears

"At last his turn had come,
He, too, was called to leave this vale of tears."

To join the ones he loved so well,
That to the better land had gone,
To fill their missions there.
And so, he paid the debt we all must pay
Before we leave this world of pain,
Our bodies must return to mother earth,
And leave our spirits free
To soar above this transient home.
To that in which our Father dwells,
And is waiting ready to receive
The souls of those He loves.

He knew his time had come,
And was prepared to go;
(As all should be, when the
Messenger is sent to call us home)
And so we laid to rest, beneath the mould,
His earthly clay:
All that was left of him,
We loved so well.

---

The Homestead into other hands has gone;
Its charms have left it, one by one

So ends the short sketch of my childhood
days,
The ways of God, are not man's ways;
But may my spirit in patience bear,
I commend my soul, to our Father's care:
What ever He does, I know is right,
Though the way seems dreary, the star is
bright,
That shining guide to the golden gate,
Where we'll meet if we'll only wait
Till our journey is ended our duty done;
And be united there as one.
Our dear Father's wisdom we then shall see;
When the messenger sets us free,
There we'll unite again, all seven;
In that beautiful land above,
In Heaven.

# THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

OUT upon life's mighty ocean,
Was a vessel light and strong;
How I saw its white sails gleaming
Bright, amidst the busy throng.

With royal reason for her captain,
Conscientionsness the mate,
While caution at the helm was sitting,
Stood, her sailors all in state.

Thus I saw the noble vessel,
Start for happiness to bring;
While father veneration sang
Sweet anthems to the King.

How sweetly rolled the music
Across the peaceful main,
And caught up by the gentle breeze
Was wafted back again.

How it shone upon the waters
In its course so smoothly run;
I saw its banner boldly flaunt,
PEACE AND LOVE inscribed thereon.

Like a bird so gently floating,
O'er the ocean's bosom smooth;
Peace and love so widely spreading
On the breezes as they move.

Yet, I saw the dark clouds rising
In the far off distant west,
And the breezes quickly strengthen,
As they swept the oceans crest.

How I heard the distant thunder,
Grumbling in the darkening sky:
"Storm is gathering over yonder,"
Say the seaguls as they fly.

Yes, the clouds were growing darker,
While the thunder pealed on high,
To the vivid lightning flashes,
As they pierced the leaden sky.

Yet, the vessel lightly danced
To the howling of the the wind ;
Bravely bearing up her banner,
Peace and love to all mankind.

Still the raging storm approaches,
Like a savage beast of prey ;
Tearing, crushing all before it ;
As a fiend of anger may.

Now the forked lightning flashes
Daggers through the leaden sky
As to fill our souls with horror,
Frightened sea-birds screech and cry.

Louder grows the deafening thunders
Clapping, cracking, racking roar !
As if to rend the heavens asunder,
And time forbid for ever-more.

Lashing, dashing o'er the waters,
Drives the fierce and angry wind ;
Piling waves as high as mountains,
Leaving graves of woe behind.

Onward dashes still the vessel,
Mast is broken, sails are torn,
Yet, upon her tattered banner
Peace and love are left to mourn.

Driven onward ever onward,
By the tempest raging high ;
How her crew in mute devotion,
Raise her banner to the sky.

"Calm thyself thou mighty ocean ;
Tempest, stop thy awful wrath !"
Spoke the voice of one all po tent,
As He treads the stormy path.

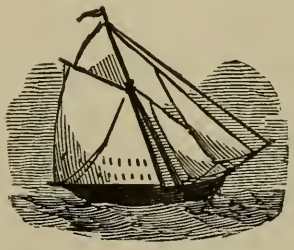
Thunder peals and lightning flashes,
Wild wind tearing o'er the main,
Burst the clouds in awful weeping,
Gladly lull to rest again.

Sad, exausted by its fury,
The mighty storm at last is o'er;
And the somber clouds departed,
Leaving brightness as before.

Let us gaze upon the vessel
Stranded in the ocean there;
Caution at the helm still sitting,
Captain reason in despair.

While in silence we are gazing,
On the wreck of one so fair;
Let us bow, while veneration
Offers up an ardent prayer.

Sunbeams smile upon the waters;
As she slowly sinks to rest,
Raising high her tattered banner,
As an ensign to the blest.



# WORKING FOR GOD.

FATHER, may we ever bring,
Joy to Thy home;
Working for Thee constantly,
And for Thee alone.
O Father, may we ever be,
Found working faithfully,
Working ever faithfully,
Till our work is done.

O help us Father day by day,
Our duty to fulfill;
Helping on the mighty cause,
According to Thy Will.
O Father, may we ever be,

Pressing onward joyfully,
Ever working joyfully,
Till the crown be won.

O grant that we may watch and pray,
Through the coming hours:
To keep us from temptation's way,
From all evil powers.
O Father, may we ever be,
Found working righteously,
Working ever righteously,
Till our work is done.

Then gracious Father let us share,
Eternal bliss with Thee;
Is our most earnest, ardent prayer,
Thy face we long to see.
Thou gracious Father let us come,
To share the blessings of thy home,
To share the glory of Thy home,
O Father dear with Thee.

# A LAMENTATION OVER NEGLECT OF SACRED DUTIES.

THOU mighty God of hosts!
How often do we disobey Thy laws,
And count as naught Thy holy word,
Thy blest commands;
That to Thy children Thou hast given,
To lead them back into Thy holy presence,
Unto that blessed home,
That Christ our Savior has prepared,
For those that do Thy will,
And seek Thy approbation here on earth.

How often do Thy children leave undone,
The things that Thou hast destined they
should do;
To fill their missions on this earth;
And cast a halo round their lives,
That will brighten,
When they leave this earthly clay,
(To meet those on the other side they love)
And like a lamp, will shine,
To guide the feet of those they leave behind,
To toil, as Thou, who knowest all,
Ordained that they should do.

Thou great and allwise God!
So wonderously Thou'st planned, for good
Of one and all.
O mighty Father! how submissive should we be
Unto Thy Holy Will.
Yes Father great and good,
As none but Thee alone can'st be;
How should we thy subjects, be
Subservient to Thy will, Thou blessed
Lord! that we may not Thy anger stir,

That we may kindle not Thy wrath,
Like flames of fire, to sweep away,
As trash and stubble,
Those Thou has destined to become
The lights that shine around Thy throne.
How often do we cast away
The pearls, the gems that Thou has lent
To us as mortals here, the precious thoughts
Thy spirit doth inspire,
To lead us on, to realms that perish not ;
For worthless trash, that Thou dost count as naught
How oft our eyes, our hearts are twined
From Thee, to things of earth,
Until they blind the lights, away
The Beacon to our souls,
That ever shines from Thy almighty throne ;
To lead us back to Thee.

How oft Thy holy, anxious eyes
Do dwell on those Thou love so well ;
The treasures of Thy heart,

To find them in the paths that leads away
From those that Thou has set apart
And blest, for them to tread,
Until thy heart in holy grief is rent ;
Until Thy righteous anger stirs
Thy very soul, against the ones Thou loves,
Until Thou reachest out Thy chastening hand
To bring them back again,
Into Thy sheltering fold.
Thou ever gracious Lord !
At first Thou lead'st in love ;
And when Thy children turn away,
And give no heed unto Thy loving voice,
Thou strives yet further with Thy
Cherished ones, to bring them back,
In righteousness to Thee.

O Father may we ever strive to live,
So that Thy spirit we may never grieve,
That when we meet Thee,
May not downcast in sorrow be,
But that our hearts

With gladness may be lifted up,
To meet Thy approbation and approof ;
And in peace our spirits e'er may rest,
To think we've humbly done,
Our Mortal Best.

# AUTUMN LEAVES.

EE beautiful autumn leaves,
Fall from stately trees,
All red and gold;
To cover the shrubs around,
That through the woods abound,
From frost and cold.

Old frost has touched each one,
Their missions nearly done,
With mighty hand;
And dressed in radient hue,

Their last good deed to do,
Upon the land.

They fly from perches high,
And wind does heave a sigh,
To see them go:
As though he does regret,
To think of parting yet,
From those he knew.

They flutter to the ground
With a rustle and a sound,
They never hear:
They are seeming too intent
On their ending mission bent,
Comfort and cheer.

As they gladly sink to rest
Upon their mother's breast,
To fade and die;
See! They shelter those about,
They are meeting in their route,
From on high.

When in their proper sphere,
The clouds oft shed a tear
In warmest love:
To see them shelter with their shade,
The lowly forest glade,
From scorching sun

When they felt the touch of frost,
And they knew that they were lost
To sink and die;
"We will go and shelter those
From such bleak and freezing woes,"
Was their cry.

So down upon the earth,
To the one that gave them birth,
They rustling flew
To aid and comfort as they will,
The weak and tender from the chill,
So well they knew.

What a lesson we may learn,
If our eyes we'll only turn,

To autumn leaves !
From the time their lives begun,
Ever helping others on,
Their sufferings ease.

# A SUPPLICATION.

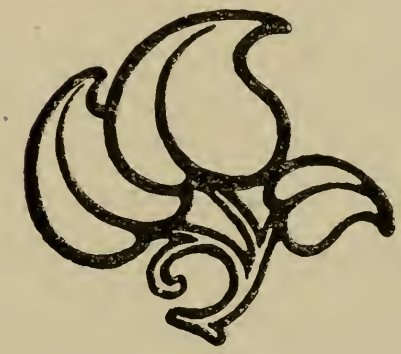
LEAD me merciful Savior, I pray,
Through the turbulent ocean of life;
Help me to walk o'er the crested waves
Through the storms the tempest and strife!
O help me to keep my feet far away
From evil temptation and sin;
And when I shall reach the better land,
Then help me to enter therein.

Lead me, I pray Thee, in dutiful paths,
In paths that the angels have trod,
Help me to find the way Thou hast gone
That leads up to the throne of God.
O help me to sacrifice my life,
To the duties that God has given:
That brings my soul near the gates of light,
Those crystalized gates of heaven.

O lead me, I pray Thee, through Thy grace,
Before His shrine that I may bow,
To the wisdom that my Father shows,
In making me so humble now.
Help me, dear Savior, to receive the light,
That's shining from Thy blest abode;
To share with others as Thou hast done,
As I travel this weary road.

Lead me, I pray Thee, where e'er thou sees,
That may work or duty's lying;
Help me to fill a sainted place,
As the time is fleetly flying.

Lead me to help, and lead me to do,
What e'er is pleasing in Thy sight;
That I may live with the goal in view,
Glory, ever supremely bright.



## SPEAK KINDLY.

LET us ever speak kindly to those
we love;
Let no harsh words pass from
our lips;
Let the sound of our voices,
even when in reproof,
Like nectar comfort the soul
who sips.

Speak gently to sooth them when bowed down
in grief,
By trials that e'er fall to our lot;

By words spoken kindly, you may bring the relief,
That through kindness alone is e'er brought.

To those we love who are going astray,
Let gentle words fall from our lips;
To assist them in guiding their feet far away
From the stones and the snags, that e'er trips.

When tired and worn with their burdens of care
They are given to worry and fret ;
O, help and assist them their burdens to bear,
Yes, our part let us never forget.

Let us ever think kindly of those we love ;
Let no unkind thoughts mar our lives,
And take from our spirit that heavenly love,
That comes from beyond the blue skies.

Let the thoughts we have for them be gentle and good,

Like thoughts through the bless'd Savior
given,
That we may tread the paths that His children
should,
That lead to the portals of heaven.

And let us speak kindly of neighbors and
friends,
That happen along in our way:
Kind words, let's remember, will oft make
amends
For the failings we're heir to each day.

We'll let our thoughts for them be kindly and
just,
As the spirit of God would inspire;
In the arm of Jehovah let us all put our trust,
Then in kindness and love we'll not tire.

Let us speak of another just as we should like
That another would speak of us;
Let us speak to another as we should like
That another should speak to us.

Let us think of another, as we would have,
That another would of us think,
With charity great, to cover our faults,
Then we shall rise, and not sink.

And the light from above, will shine through our lives,
To the ones that we daily meet;
Helping to keep them safe, from many a snare,
And to guide the wayward, weary feet.

And the angels in heaven will sanction the good,
That we are e'er trying to do;
And our Father will smile on his children abroad,
That a righteous course strive to pursue.

And when we have finished our earthly career
And the messenger calls us hence.
To partake of the glory awaiting us there,
Then happily we will go thence.

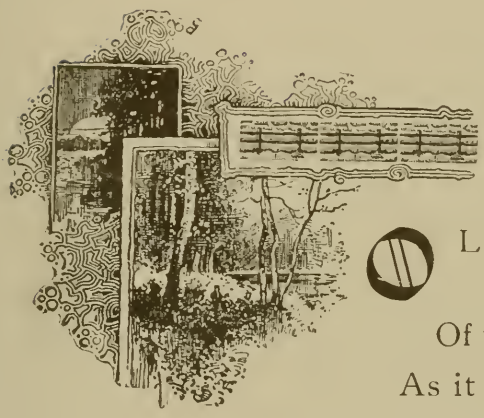
Then let us consider, our words and our thoughts,
And guard them with dilligent care;
And if we should find that our task is too great,
Ask aid of our Father, in prayer.

For help and assistance He's willing to lend
To those who are working in faith;
And will strengthen and aid, ne'er fear, to the end,
His children, His servants till death.

Then speak of each other all the good that ye can,
And let the words come from the heart;
Like the dew drops of Heaven that fall on the land,
New succor, and strength they"ll impart.

If we only can use, in a true prayer way,
The talents our Father has given;
How happy we'll be on that blest sabbath day
When we meet in the glory of Heaven !

# THE BROOK AND THE RILL.



O LISTEN to the gentle ripple,
Of the little silvery rill,
As it glides besides our cottage door,
And journeys down the hill;
How it dances in the sunlight,
As it passes through the valley;
And joins the little murmuring brook,
In some green and pleasant alley.

And they journey on together,
Rippling and murmuring still;
Over the heath and over the heather,
To turn the village mill:
Yes, onward, right onward they glide;
Never stop to regret or complain;
And playfully turn all the wheels of the mill,
Then dash into the sunshine again.

And they glide along the valley,
With many a wind and turn,
And in passing through the forest,
They kiss the moss and fern:
They gambol in the sunshine,
And they gambol in the shade,
And listen to nature's music,
In the lonely forest glade.

And then they leave the forest,
Another course to take,
To bicker down the rocky alley,
And rest in the silvery lake:

So downward they dash, with a ringing
splash,
O they have such frolic and fun!
As through bramble and brake,
They seek the fair lake,
Where they rest, for their journey is done.

# THE CHILD THAT'S GONE BEFORE.

OW often at twilight I sit and think,
Of the child that has gone before:
And my eyes, they will fill with tears,
When I gaze round me and see him no more.

Yes, oft times, I sit and think,
At the close of the dying day,
While watching the rising moon,
As the daylight fadeth away.

I think of my darling baby boy,
That to me was such a treasure;
Of my life the pride and joy,
Fount of happiness and pleasure.

And as I sit enwrapped in fancy,
While the trees in the breezes sway,
Me thinks I see my darling,
With the angel babes at play.

And memory reverts to the New Years morn
To the day of my darling's birth;
Methought of all God's creatures,
I was the happiest one on earth.

When I gazed in those beautiful eyes;
And on hair that was black as jet,
I lavished caresses and kisses,
On the sweet dimpled face of my pet.

Then I breathed a prayer to heaven,
In behalf of my darling child,

And thanked God for that heavenly blessing,
For my soul with joy was wild.

And I prayed that God would bless him,
That he may love to do His will,
And that whatever may befall me,
He would keep my child from ill.

That he may grow to manhood
And learn to love His laws;
And help roll on His mighty Work,
And glory in the cause.

And that I may his spirit have
To lead my child aright;
Was my earnest supplication,
From the morning till the night.

And the rosebud, pure and lovely,
E'er unfolded more each day,
And smiles danced o'er his little face;
Like the flowers in the breezes play.

O then I was ever so happy,
Life had not for me a care,
My thoughts were all of my darling,
And my darling was all my prayer.

And I strove with all my might,
To do the holy will of God;
In return for that heavenly blessing,
I would cling unto His rod.

But those happy days were fleeting,
O, the time soon passed away;
And following came unhappy hours,
For my rose bud must decay.

As in days of old it seemed God's will,
"I will take away thy treasure,
Then all will see what is known to me,
That thou wilt serve me still."

And then He took my darling,
And, Oh! my grief was wild;

As I gazed upon the lovely form,
Of my own lost angel child.

Did I say lost? ah yes!
But my spirit it seems so sore;
I did not mean to say the lost one,
But the one that's gone before.

And yet, with all my heart,
I feel to say God's will be done;
And may I ever strive to serve,
Until I am gathered home.

Home to that bright heavenly shore,
Where angels are singing His praise;
And sorrow will trouble no more;
How blessed are those happy days.

May God grant that I faithful prove,
Long as He gives me breath;
And may I ever sing His praise,
Till my voice is hushed in death.

Then crowned with glory I shall be,
And Oh! what heavenly joy;

As I meet my own sweet angel,
My darling baby boy.

Then we will dwell above in peace,
In that bright and happy home;
And there we'll sing God's praises,
At the foot of the beautiful Throne.

# REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY AND KEEP IT HOLY.

LESSED Sabbath!
Sacred day of rest!
May we strive to keep in peace and love.
How we, Thy children, should adore
That which Thou hast so blest,
And set apart for us to honor and preserve.
Thou, Father of our everlasting souls,
How we, as mortals here,
(The sorrow and the joy of Thy eternal home)

Should glorify that holy day
With song and prayer and sacred
Thoughts, that lift our souls above
The pains and pleasures, sorrows and
Joys, trials and difficulties of time;
And cause us to strive harder and
Harder, for the pleasures and
Blessings of a better land;
And for the smiles and approbation
Of our Father in heaven.
How ready and willing we should
Be to give up the frail comforts
And pleasures of earth,
Which only last for so short a space of time.
How willing we should be,
To put aside the frivolous thoughts,
That are prone to fill our minds;
At least, if at no other time;
On that blest day,

That God hath set apart for rest
From our earthly labors that we
May find time for a glimpse through

Our minds eye into the vast
Eternal worlds,
That we may see through the spirit of
God, the glories and treasures of Heaven,
That await the faithful in the Lord.
How thankful we should be
That the Lord has made a law,
That on the seventh day of the week (if
We obey that law)
We are compelled to rest
From all our earthly toil, and to put
Aside, all thoughts of earthly things,
And give our thoughts exclusively,
To the redemption of our souls,
And to the goodness and mercy
Of our Father and our God, in
Permitting us (by keeping his laws)
To enter into His glory,
And partake of the blessings that
He has laid away for the righteous,
And the just.
O, how expedient it is that we should
Give our minds unto these things,

That we may be strengthened and
Stimulated in well-doing.
How important it is, that we should
Turn our hearts from that which
Is mortal, to that which is immortal;
Away from earthly gods,
Unto the God of heaven and
Earth; that we may, with one heart
And mind return unto him,
(On that day at least)
That which is His due,
And which He expects, and has
Commanded us to in revererence
Unto him.
Then let us hail and accept the
Holy Sabbath day,
In the light that it was given;
And show by our words and
Actions, that we do appreciate, and keep
Holy the Sabbath day; which our
Father in Heaven, has set apart
And blest for our good.

If we will do this,
It will keep our feet from many
A snare; and by so doing will
Bring us blessings great,
Through time and all eternity.
And we shall meet the approbation
Of God; and the angels will rise
Up, and call us blessed.

## THE SNOW STORM.

*Daughter:*—Oh, do see the merry snowflakes;
How they're dancing in the brecze!
Like a flock of happy snowbirds,
As they light among the trees.

How it fills my heart with gladness,
As I watch the merry sight,
And anticipate a sleigh ride
To the grand, gay ball tonight.

The breeze is blowing from the north—
I can see that by the trees;
And soon it will be good skating,
For I know tonight 'twill freeze.

Oh! do come and look dear mother,
T'is a splendid sight to see;
As I think upon the prospect,
How it fills my soul with glee.

*Mother:*—Yes, I see my child the snow-
flakes,
Are falling thick and fast;
And I fear t'will be a dreadful night;
Like a many that are past:
When I listen to the wind, love,
As it drifts the falling snow ;
I think about the homeless poor
And my heart is filled with woe.

Yes, for there are many hundreds,
In the world wiihout a home ;
Who have no money, food or friends
So the lonely streets must roam.

And when the deep snows are falling,
dear ;
And the blast doth fiercely blow ;

They beg their food from door to door
Nearly freezing as they go.

And when the long night approaches ;
With both cold and hunger worn ;
They sometimes lie upon the street,
And there freeze before the morn.

*Daughter :*—I did not think of that, mother ;
How the thought doth grieve me sore ;
And I own I have been thoughtless,
Not to think of it before.

If you'll forgive me, mother dear,
I'll strive to aid the poor ;
In future to think less of self ;
And of other people more.

# RETURN OF SPRING.

WINTER'S icy chains are broken ;
How the woods with music ring ;
Peep the snow drops, laugh all nature,
Turning winter into spring.

Creeks and brooks and ice-bound river,
Throw their fettering bands away ;
Gladly hail the day of freedom ;
As through the sunlit fields they play.
Grass is springing, trees are budding,

In the valleys far and wide;
While the gentle dove is cooing
To his loving feathered bride.

Calves are bleating, lambs are playing,
Near the gentle running rill;
While the bright-eyed babes are laughing.
Venture out across the sill.

How the light winds play and frolic,
O'er the lea so soft and cool;
While the bull frogs chase each other,
Through the flags into the pool.

Skies are brightened, eyes are brightened,
And the lovers, love and dream;
As they watch the gracious sunbeams,
Stoop and kiss the lovely stream.

## PRAY FOR THE CHILDREN.

LET the prayers of parents ascend hence and on high
For the dear ones that're claiming their care;
Let the hearts of the parents reach the Lord with the cry,
Help us, Father! Oh, answer our prayer!

Sure as the waves of the ocean roll out to the beach,
Sure as wild winds blow over the lea,
The prayers of the parents will undoubtedly reach,
Through the vail into eternity.

The prayers from a mother will rise from her heart
To the throne of her Father in heaven,
In behalf of the spirit which to her he has lent
To guide through the storms they are driven.

The fond prayers of a father will reach through the space
To the ears of our father above;
For the ones that's entrusted for a time to his care;
God will answer in kindness and love.

Then do pray for your children while the Lord gives you breath,
For the spirit of love that will lead,
Ever guide and instruct them through their lives until death;
And sow in their dear hearts righteous seed.

Yes, pray for the Loved ones, that His spirit may dwell

Within their hearts by day and by night;
That their lives may be Christlike each and all
the day long
They may be as pure angels of light.

Oh, then pray for the children all ye teachers
and friends,
That strength may be constantly given
To their dear little spirits, that their footsteps
may be
Ever lead in the pathway to heaven.

Always pray for the children, may prayers
never cease;
And let righteous instructions be given,
That they may go to Jesus whene'er He may
call;
As white as snow by the winds driven.

For richest blessings of God will attend those
who work
For the good of His children on earth;
And it is from the cradle that we ought to be-
gin

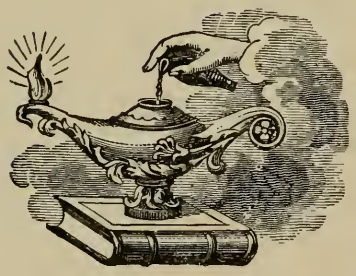
To cultivate true value or worth,

Let us pray that our Father His kind spirit will lend
To help us in bringing to heaven
The bright souls that He has sent for a time here below,
That glory in fullness be given.

To all those of his children who can prove themselves just,
Having walked the straight, narrow way;
Let us strive to assist them to keep faithful their trust,
Yes, as long as their parts they must play.

By assisting the children to act all their parts well,
And shun all that is wrong or impure;
It will aid and comfort them, and all through their lives tell,
In helping to keep their souls truer.
Then let us pray for the children and help them along,

That we may enter those portals above,
Not doubting, but knowing that our duty we
have done,
By the lambs of His Kingdom in love.



# LITTLE DEWDROPS.

SWEET, refreshing dewdrops!
On the verdure green:
Nestling in the buttercups,
On the roses seen;
The daisy and the violet,
Never is forgot;
Though you grace more stately flowers,
In the garden plot.

Loving little dewdrops!
Kissing all the flowers;
Embracing every blade of grass,
Through the silent hours.
They never can get lonely,

Returning love, I know.
See the slender morning-glories
Smiling as you go.

Hear the blue-bells ringing.
What is it they say ?
O, listen precious dewdrops,
Hasten far away;
The sun is coming o'er the hills,
With a burning sheen,
To chase you from the daffodills,
And the meadows green.

# THE SUFFERINGS OF THE POOR.

THE winter has come, and the bleak north wind
Is blowing over hill, dale, and plain,
And snow flakes fall thick, in the keen cutting blast;
Yes! the winter has come back again.

The husband and father returns to his home,
With a face that looks all care-worn and sad;
He's wandered all day through the cold city streets,
To find ther's not any work to be had.

"Dear Grace," he began, to his kind loving wife,
"It is the first of December, you see ;
I've failed to find work, though I've strove with a will,
And another hard winter I fear t'will be."

"O ! how my poor heart doth ache," the dear wife said ;
As the hot tear-drops stole down her pale cheek;
"When I think of the winter so cruel and cold,
And see the snow falling so thick and deep.

You remember last winter, so long and drear,
How our loved darlings were hungry and cold;
And the Lord took our baby to keep her warm,
On the very day she was two years old."

"I do remember, too well," her husband said ;
"But we will not suffer this winter so ;
If I cannot get work, and worst comes to worst,
Then we all to the poor-house must go.

To night is so bitter, and the fuel is short ;
We all very early to bed must go ;
And we'll try to keep warm beneath the scant clothes,
It may be warmer tomorrow, you know."

So a piece of dry bread, each member did eat,
And thanked the Lord that they had so much;
Then huddled together in such poor beds of straw,
Their sorrowing souls, in slumber to hush.

---

The poor widowed mother, who lives on the hill,
Tucked her dear hungry babies in bed;
She kissed them good-night, said don't cry any more,
And then, mama will ask God for bread.

Then she dropped on her knees, and in anguish
Did cry, "O God! send us fuel and food,
Or let us in mercy find refuge in Heaven;

Where such misery and want are subdued."

Then her heart was so full, she could not say more,
So she then crept into bed, in her grief,
And soon fell asleep, and her troubles forgot;
For God, sent that poor mother's heart relief.

The wind still blew hard and the frost was severe;
Such a dreadful night,there's seldom been,
Death stole in the cot, took the mother and babes;
God answered the widows prayer as seen,

---

The winters will come and the winters will go;
Bringing the poor naught but sorrow and woe,
Let the poor cling together, each other befriend,
And God will take care of them all in the end.

## BYE AND BYE.

IN silence reflect on the past,
On the sorrows and joys that are gone,
Leaving shadows or sunshine behind,
As they vanish away, one by one ;
But my heart is relieved,
As I think of the time drawing nigh,
When all joy shall prevail,
As it will, for the blest, bye and bye

As I think of the joys that await,
The tired, weary souls of the just ;
In that beautiful city of pearl,

Where the gems laid away never rust:
How my heart doth rejoice,
As I think of the time drawing nigh,
When the weary may rest,
And rejoice in the sweet bye and bye.

As I think of the honest and pure,
That are striving to reach the bright goal,
Where sorrow, temptation, and sin,
Will have no more power o'er the soul;
How my heart doth rejoice,
As I think of the time, drawing nigh,
When the pure gain the goal,
They are striving to reach, bye and bye.

As I think of the sad and forlorn,
That are walking the straight and narrow
path,
While easing their burdens with prayer;
Ever thankful for blessings they hath;
How my heart doth rejoice,
As I think of the time drawing nigh,
When their sorrows shall flee,

As they will, if they'll wait, bye and bye.
As I think of the lonely and meek,
While I read of the promises given ;
And the poor and the humble who seek
For to enter the gateway of heaven ;
How my heart doth rejoice
As I think of the time drawing nigh,
When they'll enter therein,
To the presence of God, bye and bye.

Let us think of the glories of heaven,
Of the blessings and treasures untold,
That are awaiting the children of God,
Who are steadfast and cling to to his fold,
Then our hearts will rejoice,
As we think of the time drawing nigh ;
And exclaim , "Blessed be,
The happy, happy, sweet bye and bye."

# MY LITTLE LOU.

I DO so love the golden sunshine,
And the beautiful blooming flowers ;
And the songs of the birds, are as dear to me,
As they were in child-hood hours.
I love the silvery brooks and rivulets,
That wander through shady dell and grove,
And the dells and the groves themselves I love
Where the moss and the hawthorn grows.

But there is something far dearer to me,
'T'is a daughter's constant love and care,

My Little Lou.

That brightens and aids through the storms of
life
With a heart full of patient prayer,

Brighter to me than sunshine or flowers,
Are those eyes ever moist with a tear ;
And sweeter to me than the songs of the
birds,
Is that voice full of comfort and cheer.

And brighter to me than silvery brooks,
Is that stream of unselfish love,
Which constantly ripples and flows to me,
With sadness so sweet interwove.

For more than the shady dells and groves
I love that Daughter so kind and true,
Ah, yes, with a love that knows no bounds,
I love my faithful, little Lou.

# SOLITUDE.

HOW beautiful is the stillness of the silent hours of night, or the hours of Solitude at any and all times! When I say beautiful, I do not mean to the mortal gaze, but to the eyes of the mind; and, to a sensitive nature, what a beauty and charm they bring to the very soul, filling it, as they do, with a heavenly inspiration and love, both for God and fellow beings. How we, at such a time, (when we seek solitude for tne rest of our spirits)are wont to go before the Lord with prayerful hearts and call down his spirit until we can look with happiness, through the reflection of the mind) upon the heavenly

beauty of the eternal worlds, that is awaiting all those who are striving to please the Lord. I have found many who seek solitude, when they wish to rest from their earthly labors ; and who crave that inspiration to righteousness, which those blessed hours ever bring, while they may enjoy the spirit of God in all its fullness: Which consideration in unison with the inherent sentiment of my own soul, has urged me to write this ode, to solitude.

O solitude !
How joyfully I Hail the rest,
Thou brings unto my aching breast,
The heavenly calm thou brings unto my heart,
The silent peace thou dost impart ;
While all tumultuous care thou soothes to rest.

Yes, solitude !
What blessed peace thy presence brings,
To rest this mind from earthly things ;
To bid this weary brain in silence still

The conflicts of this earthly will ;
And lay aside all vain or mortal things.

O stillness sweet !
How I do prize thee more than gold,
When e'er thy shroud dost me enfold,
And wall me close about from all dismay,
From mental conflicts of the day ;
And from my mind all earthly things are rolled.

O silent hours !
What charm they very silence brings,
As tumult flys, on fleeting wings,
And leaves my soul enwrapped in heavenly rest;
I feel that by thy stillness blest,
My spirits, earthly cares, away it flings.

Sweet, peaceful hours !
That lift my soul above this earth,
Unto the one that gave it birth,
That glorious sphere of eternal light;
That shines afar so pure and bright,

Where only dwells the souls of precious
worth.

Dear solitude !
How I hail thee, ever and anon,
When ere my task or duty's done,
That I may in thy cherished bosom find
Those thoughts so dear unto my mind ;
The thoughts which bring true happiness
alone.

## THE LETTER CARRIER.

HARK! the letter carrier's coming,
For his whistle I hear him blow.
He'll bring me news of my own love true,
Just as soon as he can, I know.

Is singing a lovely maiden,
With her pretty bright eyes aglow,
He'll bring me news of my own true love,
Just as soon as he can, I know.

Ah! the letter carrier's coming!
For his whistle sounds on the wind,
He'll bring me some word to day, I know,
From "the girl that I left behind."

So whistles the bonny laddie,
To whom life seems all bright and fair,
He'll bring me some word today, I know,
From my darling with golden hair.

O, the letter carrier's coming,
Says the daughter so kind and true,
The sound of his whistle caught her ear,
As on the wings of the breeze it flew.

Yes, see! he brings me a letter,
From gentle, loving mother dear;
I know she thinks of me just the same
As she used when I was there.

"Ho! the letter carrier's coming!
Hear the ring of the whistle bold;
I hope that he'll bring me news today
Of my father who's growing old;"

Spoke an erring undutiful son,
Who far from home had strayed away,
From father and friends who loved him dear;
But he thinks of them all today.

Hush! the letter carrier's coming!
Says a mother with kindly voice;
He brings me news of my absent son,
Yes, how it makes my heart rejoice.

The letter carrier's at the gate
Of a father aged and gray.
I hope he will bring him tidings too,
Of his daughter that's far away.

Yes, the letter carrier's coming,
All dressed in his suit of blue.
The wind may blow and the rain may pour.
To his duty he's ever true.

---

At the gate the maiden smiling,
Is watching him cantering by,
But as she sees no letter he brings,
Within her heart lingers a sigh.

A letter's come to the laddie;
I think it may be from his love,
For I see his eyes throw out the lovelight,
That's ever in youth interwove.

"Letter from ma," the daughter said;
She hastily broke it undone,
And turning aside to hide her grief,
She said, her dear life's sands are run.

To the undutiful son, no news.
"O, how long will I have to wait?"
I heard him say, as he turned away,
And entered the tavern gate.

The mother thinks of his absent son,
Far away on the ocean's wave,
And earnestly prays that he'll escape
The woes of a watery grave.

The letter the carrier brought
To the father aged and gray
Seemed to lighten his steps, I thought,
As he hastily walked away.

---

And so the letter carrier brings
Us pleasure, pain, fond hope, and fear;
Still, we're always glad to see him come
Each day through all the passing year.

O, blessed may his memory be!
When he at last is laid to rest,
His duty on this earth fulfilled;
O, may he dwell among the blest.

# THE WEARY PILGRIM.

WAY ! away ! to the spirit land,
Where myriads of tired ones have fled !
How I long to join that free happy band,
That are generally counted at dead.

Away ! yes away ! to the spirit land,
My soul doth so long to soar
Where angels are singing the praises of God
And all of earth's troubles are o'er,

Away ! ah away ! to the spirit land,
Where the soul may rest in peace,

When worn and weary with toil and care ;
Where earth's pilgrimage doth cease.

Away ! far away ! to that beautiful shore
Away from trouble and care and sin ;
The angels are waiting at heaven's gate,
I think they will let me in.

Away ! then away ! to that haven of rest,
Where poor tired spirits doth flee ;
Where with sunshine and gladness the humblest are blest,
I think they'll have room there for me.

## LET THE SUNSHINE IN.

ROLL up the tattered blind, and let the
sun's resplendent rays,
Play within our humble cot-
age, as they
did in former days;
They will chase away the shadows, and warm
our hearts the while ;
For there cannot dwell much sadness, where
the merry sun-beams smile.

When shadows fall across our lives, like a
stolid winter gloom,

And fill our hearts with woe, that the sunshine has no room ;
Let us battle with adversity, and drive the clowds away ;
And make a place within our hearts, for cheerfulness to play.

If we let the blessed sunshine dwell within our frugal cot ;
And enter deep into our hearts, God will forget us not.
And when the storms of life be past, and we leave this earthly clay ;
We'll rejoice to think we've done our best, in a modest, humble way.

Then put aside the curtain, and let the cheerful morning sun,
Find a place within each human heart, before life's sands are run ;
And make the best of every grace, the Lord our God has given ;
Perchance we'll find a better place, in the blessed, peaceful heaven.

## WORK FOR THE LIVING.

WORK for the living, work while you may;
With the strength that God has given,
O work for the living, work to day,
To bring them back to heaven.

Work for the living, work with a will,
To help them along on their way,
Cheerfully help them their missions to fill,
In an honest, intelligent way.

Yes, help the living, help while you may,
Help them with faith and prayers;

To keep their feet in the straight. narrow way,
Away from the snags and the tares.

Help with kind actions, and with kind words,
To strengthen, encourage and cheer;
When trials beset them, and troubles o'ertake,
And their eyes are bedimned with a tear,

Help them with patience, and help them with love,
Their burdens to lighten and bear;
Comfort and soothe them, in sickness and pain;
With gentleness nurtured in care.

And help them to look to the heights above,
To the place of our Father's home;
To ask for the peace, consolation and love,
That in answer will ever come.

Help them to look through this vale of tears,
And over the murky tide;
And think of the joys that's awaiting us there;
When we cross to the other side.

Help them to see the bright golden light,
That shines from our Father's throne
To comfort and cheer each drooping heart,
And brighten our pathway home.

Help them to cling to the good and right;
To shun each wrong, or evil way;
Help them to battle with main and might,
And to work while it is day.

Help them to hold, and help them to use,
The power that God has given ;
Help them to search, and help them to choose,
The way that leads to heaven.

Yes ! work for the living, work with a will,
While this life and being last ;
To keep their feet from the ways of ill,
Till this earthly life be past.

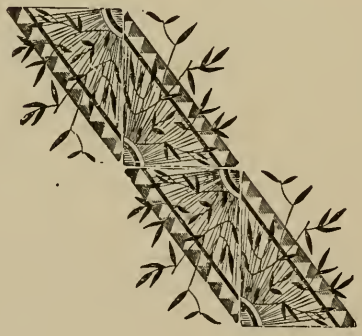
When your earthly missions shall be o'er,
And heavenly places you shall fill,
Then do not let your work be o'er.
But work for the living still.



L. of C.

Cast a sacred halo round their lives ;
When the power shall greater be ;
O help to bring them back in love,
To join the angel work with thee.

O man ! thy work is never done ;
The Lord ordained it so to be !
But a crown awaits the ones in heaven
Who do their duty faithfully



## FAR AWAY IN THE DISTANCE.

FAR away in the distance, a bright star there shineth,
To light up our paths as we journey along:
Far away in the distance, our Father divineth
Our actions and thoughts, be they righteous or wrong.

Far away in the distance, there's friends and there's loved ones
Who are anxiously waiting to welcome us home;

Far away in the distance, there's gladness to
greet us,
And exterminate grief, which intrusively
comes.

Far away in the distance, we know there's a
a ransom,
Awaiting the ones who will work with a
will,
Far away in the distance the prospect is hand-
some;
O Father! please help us, our missions to fill.

# A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

How necessary it is that we all strive for that priceless jewel, a clear conscience. There is nothing that I can think of which needs more care and attention, than our inner selves; and if we want to pride ourselves on cleanliness, this is just where we ought to begin; for if every thing around us is clear and clean, and our conscience is neglected, and becomes sullied and murky, it is impossible to enjoy any surrounding beauty, no matter how bright and clean it may be. Therefore our conscience should be our first thought, with that clear and clean we are in a position to keep every thing else in comparison, and

my observation teaches me, that neglect of our inner selves causes us to neglect our outer duties. But when we feel bright, clean, and cheerful in that principle department of our spirits, we make all our surroundings, likewise, inasmuch as we possibly can ; and we are wont to look at the bright side of life, let its presentation be whatever it will ; and to trust in the Lord to keep us from every evil snare. Not only that, we are given to buoy up and comfort others, when they come to us with tales of woe and broken spirits ; and to show them the bright side of life, instead of making them feel worse than they really would by our moral despair. Therefore we see, if we are anxious to fulfill our duty to mankind we are compelled to pay strict attention to ourselves first ; for if the light is not in us, it cannot shine forth to those we love, and wish to benefit. Then again, there is another thing to be considered ; if our conscience is sullied and gloomy we become fearful that evil is ever

trying to overtake us, especially if we have been unjust to our fellow beings, some of them having passed behind the veil, we are apt to think they may sometime return and try to return the compliment and sometimes that feeling becomes so strong, that it makes us perfectly miserable; and I have known instances where it has taken all the sunshine out of lives, that should have been happy. Which observation has caused me to write the following poem, called, "Owlets in the Loft," which very plainly shows the workings of the human mind.

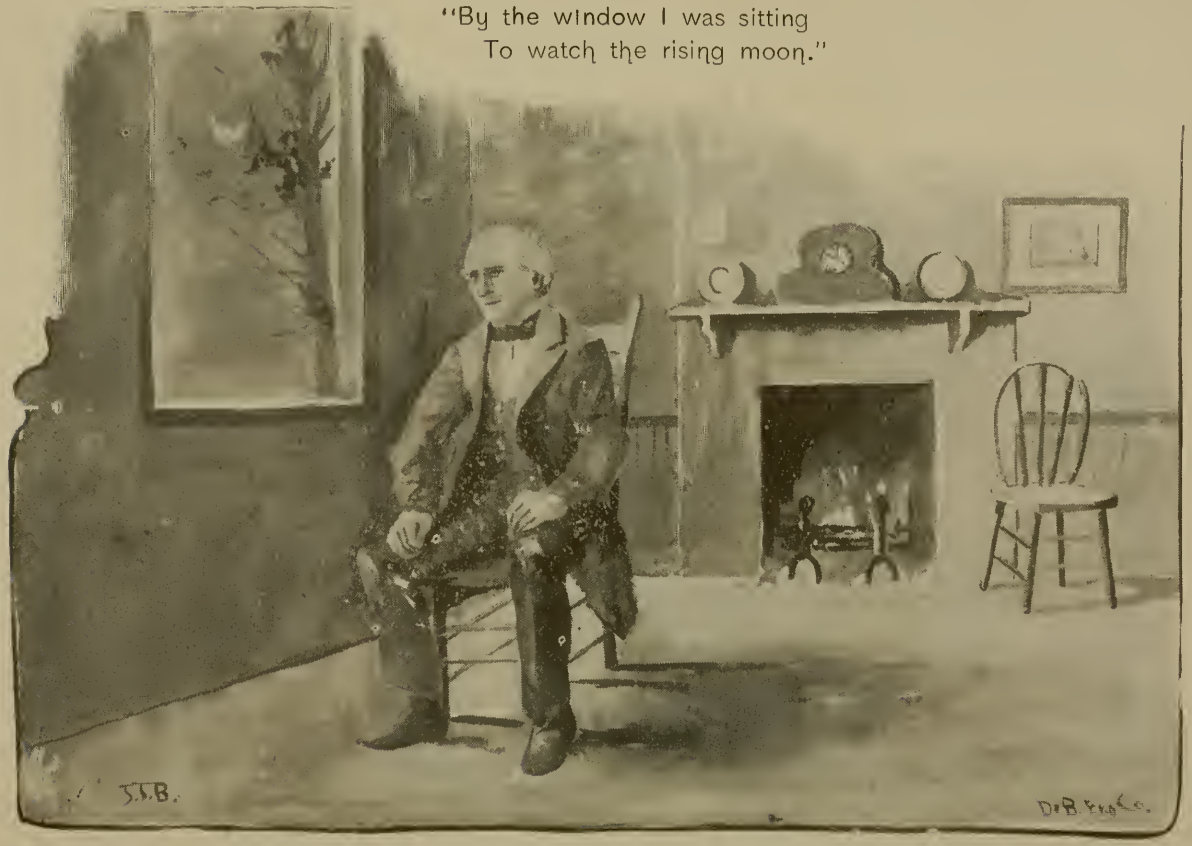
# OWLETS IN THE LOFT

(TALE OF A SINECURE.)

AT gathering of the twilight,
While fast fades away the daylight;
By my window I was sitting,
To watch the rising moon.
And it came above the mountain,
While the clock the time was counting,
As through my chamber window,
Its pale light filled the room.

I fell into meditation,
On the works of God's creation ;

"By the window I was sitting
To watch the rising moon."



Then the conflicts of the nation,
Which made my spirit sore.
The time flew by me unnoted,
Though the clock the seconds quoted,
Like a bird away it floated,
While I conned matters o'er.

But at last I was disturbed,
As a noise I thought I had heard;
What can it be? I stood and stared,
But nothing could I descry.
How I listened, and just then,
The old mantel clock struck out ten;
Which frightened me again,
That I drew a heavy sigh.

And then rising from my chair,
With intent of saying prayer,
For now I fain would ask God's care,
Then unto my couch retire:
But such a horrid screech I hear,
Which fills my very soul with fear,
For it does sound so very near,
That it sets my brain on fire.

Filled with horror, dread and gloom,
I walked across the silent room,
And by the pale light of the moon,
Searched in and out of door:
But as I naught could hear or see,
I commenced to feel more free,
And think how foolish t'was of me,
When greets me a ghostly snore.

Yes, and then I cried aloud,
Who art, or what art thou, coward!
And where canst thou be towered;
That thy face I cannot see.
But not at all the silence broke,
To answer me the words I spoke,
In consternation and provoke,
Then unto my bed I flee.

And as silence reigned supreme,
While I was pondering the theme,
I fell asleep and dreamed a dream,
That is horrible to tell.
Methought I saw an ugly elf,

Who had in order to get pelf
And massacre my lonely self,
Dragg'd and threw me down a well.

And then the shock did me awake,
And as with dread and fear I shake,
Ah, yes! I know 'twas no mistake!
For I heard a fiendish cry.
From my bed I jumped in fright,
With trembling hands made a light.
The torture of that dreadful night
Oh, never forget can I.

I determined on a thorough search;
So arming myself with a birch;
And, lest they leave me in the lurch,
Stepped and locked the door.
"Where art thou, fiend?" I stammered out,
The house to search I set about;
If human or not I'll soon find out,
And if so, I'll make thee sore.

If thou from the other world art come,
Forthwith I'll seek another home,

As soon as daylight breaks the gloom.
I was answered with a snore.
I searched my dwelling all about,
And almost turned it inside out;
I heard another screeching shout,
But naught to light had came.

Then in a ladder I did bring,
And up it quickly I did spring,
My lantern on my arm aswing;
Ah! ma-hap the fiend's aloft.
I land and gaze and back I turn;
My foolishness in wrath I spurn,
And from that night a lesson learn,
For 'twas owlets in the loft.

## HOPE.

LET us build up hope solid as the rock of ages, like a temple high;
With a mighty tower, that leans and points toward the azure sky:
Let the firm foundation thereof, be laid upon the sacred word of God ;
That when the storms shall rage and beat, it will not sink into the sod.

Let the walls be burnished, with the brilliant light of heaven divine ;
That no dark cloud will ever dare, obscure the light that from it shine:

And let the stately golden doors, thereof, be
made to ever swing ajar ;
That we may enter into this structure grand,
that throws its rays afar.

Let its windows be of fine transparency, to ad-
mit the light of love,
That to us mortals ever shines, from the trans-
cendent worlds above.
And may its mighty tower, a bright illumin-
ated pillar of heaven's light !
E'er be to poor despondent souls, a heaven,
standing off the blight.

Then, we having built our radient cherished
habitation, firm and strong;
Let us consent to live within its sacred walls,
our whole life long:
With a strong determined will, to keep our
wayward souls from sin apart;
To banish wrong or evil, from our mortal brain,
and craving heart;
That our temple of hope, may greater grow,

and its tower reach up so high,
That it will pierce through the darkening
clouds, and through the distant sky;
And point afar to that place of rest, the in-
finite realms of joy and peace.
That Christ our Savior has prepared, for faith-
ful ones, that death release.

## MISSION OF THE BREEZE.

SWEET refreshing breeze! that lovingly
Dost kiss the heated brow of one and all,
That comes within thy fond embrace;
To cast away the care that doth enthrall;
With mild and never ending grace.
There bringest on thy breath a sweet perfume
Thou'st gathered from many fragrant flowers,
That God has planted in thy path path,
To freshen weary souls in evening hours,
A charming modest way thou hath.

Thou glides through the waving fields and
woodlands,
Touching all nature with thy soothing
breath,
Refreshing the drooping grasses,
Saving many shrubs from wiltering death,
Treating equally all classes.

Thou riseth high among the lofty trees,
Fluttering through their leaves, all over-
heated,
By rays of splendor they've adjoined,
Alas! to find themselves so sorely
cheated;
Not to enjoy, but to endure.

Thou kindly swept the fervid heat away,
From their grave silent outstretched
branches;
Ne'er stopping by for thanks or praise,
But cross high hills to the grateful
branches,
To moderate the sun's hot rays.

As thou goes, the birds sing out in greeting,
And they fill thy bosom with music grand,
Until it overflows, and leaves
It scattered, far o'er the waking land.
As thou gently swells and heaves.

O gentle, soothing breeze! whence comest thou?
And whither dost thou go? O none can tell,
Not one, but allwise God, alone,
'Tis He, who thy untiring winds propell,
He knows thy rest, thou art His own.

Yes, our Father in heaven knoweth all things;
Yes! His knowledge is very great, it comprehendeth all things.
His understanding is infinite,
And His strength is mighty, even above all strength.
He guideth the elements whithersoever He will:
He feedeth and sheltereth the children of men,

As the shepherd feedeth and sheltereth his
flock :
Let us then rely upon the wisdom and
His strength,
Which is boundless, and will endure for ever
and ever :
And work to His Honor and His Glory,
with all
Our might, mind and strength, through time
and all eternity.
"Blessed be the name of the Lord
our God ! for ever! "

# I WILL GO TO THE LAND I LOVE.

(A POEM WRITTEN TO FRIENDS ON THE CONTEMPLATION OF A SOUTHERN EMIGRATION.)

I WILL go the land I love,
In the distance far away ;
Where the woods and valleys ring,
With nature's music, as they may:
Where the lofty pine trees grow;
And the owlets shout and call;
While the merry crickets chirp;
To the dewdrops as they fall.

I wlll go to the land I love;
Where the glow moon through the night,

With a shining splendor moves;
While the night-hawk takes its flight:
Where the fire-flies ever dance,
To the whip-poor-will's refrain;
And the mountain's massive rocks
Send the echoes back again.

I will go to the land I love,
Where the sun so warm and bright;
When the queen of night is hid,
Sheds his rays, with grand delight:
Where the winter's frost and snow,
Dare not come with cold dismay
To chill the heart of nature,
Chasing sunny days away.

Yes! I will go to the land I love,
Where the birds forever sing;
And the lamkins gambol out,
Through the winter, as in spring:
Where all nature offers up
Pure devotion as they may;
I will ask one little boon,
Just a little place to pray.

Let me have one little spot;
Just a humble cottage there,
Where my heart may offer up
Gratitude to God in prayer:
When storms of wind and rain shall come,
As they will, though there's no snow;
And all nature's gathered home,
Then I want a place to go.

When the storms of life shall come;
And with grief I'll downcast be,
I want to have, in that sunny land,
A place for God and me:
When prosperity shall come,
To fill my heart with gladness,
I want a little place to pray
The same, as when, in sadness.

And when my little children
Err, as childhood's prone to do;
I want a place to call them in,
Where none but God can view:
A place where I may ask for them

A pardon in my prayer ;
Commend my lambs with patient
Heart, to God our Father's care.

Yes, I will go to the land I love,
In the brightness of the spring ;
Go with a cheerful happy heart,
When the birds begin to sing :
I only ask one little boon,
In the sunny far away ;
That I may have a cottage there,
A little place, to pray.

Let us always live in submission to the will of the Lord, returning unto Him gratitude from our hearts, under all circumstances.

## A CONTEMPLATION.

HOW blest is the spirit of mortal man !
Beyond all that our Father has made,
Blest from the first day that creation began ;
As king and ruler our Father said,
Over all that He's placed here below ;
Let us not our position degrade.

How blest the conception of plan by the Lord,
To redeem us from transgression's pall ;
If we only will heed and cherish His word,
Infinite bliss is awaiting us all ;
Promised by God and His goodness and love,
How his words we may ever recall.

He sent his dear son his beloved and blest,
To wipe from all eyes tears of regret ;
To unburden our souls at His holy request,
Lifting the sin that enthrall'd us yet,
Since the fall in the spring of creation ;
Such a kindness, how can we forget!

Then if we remember let's strive to repay
The debt we're owing our truest friend;
E'en for that alone we should feel to obey,
Past and future commands to the end;
By striving the blessings of God will endure,
And His spirit will ever befriend.

Then let us arouse to the duties and facts,
That surround us in our destination;
And try to enable our souls by our acts,
According to God's contemplation,
Before this world stood in the regions above,
When planning our final salvation.

Let us strive to maintain our potitions here,
Above the brute in knowledge we stand;
Our Master expects us to live in his fear,

Distributing goondess through the land,
Wherever our lots in life may be cast;
Making our actions sublimely grand.
Then let not disappointment me et our fod
eyes,
On the face of Him we long to see ;
The summons may come taking us by sur-
prise,
So varied the calls to eternity ;
Then we always should in readiness live,
To meet our fate in complacency.

## AN EMBLEM OF LIFE.

IN awakening one morning from slumber,
That was sweet through the silent night;
I uncovered my chamber window
To let in the beautiful light.

Enraptured I stood by the casement,
In thought on the change of the scene;
For snow glistened bright in the sunshine,
Instead of the frost-bitten green.

And I thought what a change had o'ertaken,
Since I lay down to rest and sleep;
With a tired good-night to all nature,
Now lying so warm underneath.

There stood right in front of my window,
A tree now all glistening white

With snow, all bespangled with hoar-frost;
Which silently fell through the night.

Its branches out-stretched so inviting,
In purity there arrayed;
O birdies come fly to my bosom,
As you did to my sheltering shade.

So I seemed to hear its fond greeting,
Although no sound came to my ear,
And the birds all came flying in answer,
With sweet little chirpings to cheer.

Then while I stood dreaming a moment,
I thought t'was an emblem of life;
And compared the frost-bitten grasses,
To our defeat in mortal strife.

If we follow our Savior's example,
Like the tree, He'll shelter and shade;
Although we may have many afflictions,
Till in the rest of night we're laid.

And then we shall awake in the morning,
Finding our robes all spotless white,

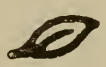
"For snow glistened bright in the sunshine
Instead of the frost-bitten green."

Just like our poor frost-bitten mother earth,
But array'd in eternity bright.

Yes, the tree is an emblem of Jesus,
As He stands in His robes of white,
Bespangled with goodness and mercy,
Glistening in heavenly light.

The birds I compared to our spirits,
Set free and ascending above,
As they fly to the dear Savior's bosom,
E'er singing sweet anthems of love.

So wandered my thoughts and reflections,
As I greeted that beautiful morn;
And thoughts of that bright day never ending
To me on the sunbeams were born.



# THE CALAMITY OF WAR, AND SOLICITUDE FOR THE NATIONS AND THEIR RULERS.

CONTENTIONS and wars of the nations cease!
Let thy turbulent torrents of war decrease ;
That the flow of wisdom to man God given,
May turn his thoughts to his maker and heaven.
Then aside and away with the sword and gun,
Let contests and triumphs of war be done ;
Let the heart be atuned by minstrels of peace ;
The captives of war from their prisons release.

Let hopes of the nation be turned from earth,
To the world far above that to spirit gave birth ;
And centre in conquests and triumphs on high,

To gain prestige and freedom that ne'er can
die :
For wars and contentions of earth are as
naught,
Unless to gain Christian divinity fought,
To bring the soul nearer the portals of home,
By raising it high from despondence and
gloom.

O God, may thy gracious omnipotent hand!
Stay the carnage and bloodshed that tarnish
the land ;
May the hearts of the nation be turned aside,
From woeful destruction that now doth abide !
To aid the uplifting of misery's vail,
And quiet the tempest that now doth avail,
To render creation a scene of distress,
Through discord and bigoted vain selfishness.

May the eyes of potentates be opened to see,
The dear desolation of humanity !
That over the earth is scattered abroad,
And doth sadden the angels and grieve the
Lord :

May the ears of the monarch open to hear
The moans of the widow for the lost ones
dear,
The cry of the orphans of fathers bereft ;
E'en the wail of the babes at the mothers
breast.

Oh! The anguish of heart to the nations given!
And the want and dispair of those bereaven,
The brain doth reel, and the eyes grow dim
with tears;
And the thinking soul is full of hopes and fears,
'Tis filled with mortal agony and dread,
For loved ones left by those who fought and
bled
For the potentate whose vanity and pride,
Mar the nations lives to grasp dominions wide.

All nature shrinking with disgust and horror!
From scenes of devastation grief and sorrow,
That casts a pall of gloom o'er the land and
sea;
Sighs for blighted earth and man's sore destiny;

E'en the clouds above the earth oft melt in tears;
The sun looks down with angered heat that sears,
While the winds doth moan and howl from place to place,
The moon behind a cloud withdraws to hide her face.

The very rocks with contempt are rent apart,
While the earth doth shake and quake with broken heart,
For those she's cherished and would cherish still;
Who through dissension fight each others blood to spill,
And so take the precious life man cannot give,
Making drear the loving hearts of those who live;
Destroying the lives; yes, and crushing the soul
Of those they are given power to control.

O monarchs of earth, cease thy terrible reign
Of war and destruction of sorrow and pain!
O cease thy dissensions that ever are rife,
Devastating property, destroying life;
Turn thy thoughts from thy short lived glory
and fame;
Let not kingdoms and empires of earth be thy
aim,
But grasp for the kingdoms and empires above,
That's governed by kindness, friendship, and
love.

O let not earth's vanities lead thee estray,
Whilst in this transient habitation of clay!
Remember thy days are numbered abroad;
Thou art ever seen by the eyes of the Lord!
Thou art ever heard by the angels of heaven,
Then pray while its day that thy sins be for-
given;
O cling with thy might to integrity's rod!
That thou mayest escape the judgments of
God.

# STANZA.

DEDICATED TO THE UTAH PIONEERS.

YE Sires and Dames of the Pioneer band!
Who have broke the road to the goodly land
By hardship and suffering over wrought,
Ye have battles brave for freedom fought,
Through chilling storms, and tempests raging high;
When no assistant friend but God was nigh,
To cheer and comfort sad and weary hearts,
And strength and courage to thy soul impart;
Through sorrows and trials maring the way
Of the perilous journey thou didst assay.

How great is the sacrifice thou hast made.
In true reverential hope arrayed!
Drove from loved homes of comfort and cheer,
To hazardous toil of brave pioneer:
Climbing the mountains and wading the streams,

Tramping till foot-sore and fainting it seemed;
Crossing the desert neath sun's scorching rays,
Leaving thy loved ones in desolate graves,
Slain by the red man, or through privation,
Fell by the way, through lost animation,

When with waning strength thou reached the spot,
Where God desired thou should cast thy lot,
Thy strength still further task'd with toil and care,
That on thy pioneer lives was brought to bear,
Within the wild uncultivated land,
Which claimed much labor of the weary band,
In order that the earth her fruits should yield,
In the gardner's plot and the farmer's field;
To sustain the lives that braved the ways,
Of untrodden paths in pioneer days.

Soon the arid land with verdure bloomed,
Scattering through the air its sweet perfumes;
Yielding cereal grains and fruits in store,
Until want and distress was known no more:

Sad hearts rejoiced, for they felt much blest,
In the beautiful valley of the west:
They felt they owed much thanks to the Lord,
And put all their trust in His holy word;
He tempered the elements, blest the soil,
And blessed the efforts of weary toil.

Thus, mother earth has striven to repay,
The efforts that have turned thy locks to grey,
From raven black, from gold, or chestnut brown,
To silver hue, or white as eider down;
Which now adorn thy heads like crowns of peace,
To beautify and shield as years decrease:
While some have fallen, having loosed their hold,
Departed, to make room for crowns of gold,
In keeping of angels not far away,
Who know that it's near coronation day.

And the force which in youth was smooth and fair,
Time gently laid wrinkles of pain and care ;
But a mantle of patient love is seen,

That over each countenance throws a sheen,
Which tells of long years of faith and prayers,
That have gone with the years of pain and cares ;
And has tempered each soul for cross and crown,
Brightened each life and mellowed it down,
And will journey together side by side,
Until they will land them across the tide.

Where blest will be all the brave pioneers,
We have kept their trust through the fleeting years,
With stout hearts, as true as the truest steel,
And souls that are filled with the warmest zeal;
Who have lived just lives and right upheld,
And have loved their neighbors as themselves :
Their greeting will be, dear friends, well done !
Ye have strove for the golden crown and won ;
Thy troubles are ended, thy sorrows cease ;
Enter into my glory, rest in peace.

## KIND THOUGHTS.

KIND thoughts like sparks of peace and love,
Transmitted from the worlds above,
Are caught, "impressed by ready pen,"
And wafted 'mong the souls of men,
They soar afar, until they rest,
And grow in bosoms of the blest;
Until their seeds produce new thoughts,
And take their journeys as they ought;
And round the world fresh seeds they sow,
Resting and blooming as they go;
Producing fruit, producing seed,
And all in time of human need;

Till, "by the aid of tongue and pen,"
They are wafted to heaven again.

Kind actions are the fruits that grow
From those kind words which God bestows
To brighten, cheer, this earthly life,
And calm the tumult, fear and strife,
And storm of woe that e'er assail
The human heart so weak and frail ;
To hinder seeds that fain would sprout,
To banish satan, cast him out,
And fill the soul so full of grace,
That it would shine from every face ;
A lucid light from the world above,
A beacon light of peace and love ;
To lead us back to that blest shore,
Where surging waves shall beat no more.

# SKETCHES FROM THE HISTORY OF TWO LIVES.

A POEM SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF OPPOSITE MORAL AND PHYSICAL TRAINING FROM BIRTH TO ADULT AGE.

I

IN a thrifty town on a bright sea shore,
There lived two upright honest men;
Two cousins were they with the same brown hair,
And the same frank and noble visage;
Who, concluding to settle down in life,
Married sisters from the neighboring glen,
Which made them each a kind and happy wife.

2

They each one chose a cottage side by side;
(Following both the same vocation,)
That each wife may be near the other's bride,

While together the two men worked,
Enjoying peace and contentment as seemed
To be their honored destination;
For of no other fate they ever dreamed.

3

Month after month passed by, as time sped on,
He found no happier men on earth;
They prospered in their deals with every one,
And comforts of this life enjoyed.
So steadfastly day by day they toiled,
That on Abel Vain and Conrad Worth,
Kind fortune ever beamed and smiled.

4

And they both supplied their earthly need,
With stores of comfort ever and anon;
With books and papers for they loved to read,
To while away the evening hours,
Within the happy home that each had made.
So books they bought consulting taste alone,
Each one the books he thought would be most aid.

5

In keeping round his hearth the sunshine bright;
Smiling on the craving human heart,

"In a thrifty town on a bright sea shore."

And warding off the cold and chilly blight,
That is constantly lurking anear,
To destroy the peace of the sacred home,
Like a thief stealing round in the night ;
When the brightness gives a place to the gloom.

6

Conrad Worth bought books that were scientific,
(Although to read they were hard and dry,)
He said to his mind they were pacific,
And supplied abundant knowledge,
The worth of which remained to be told;
He said it may be needed by and by;
So he cherished his books far more than gold.

7

Abel Vain stored his house with novels
Of every description he could find;
That tale of beggars, of wretched hovels
And of heros born in castles great,
Of sailors wrecked on stormy oceans;
Yes, anything to soothe the fickle mind,
Or keep it excited in commotion.

8

Thus they lived, in comfort and content;

Each man still adding to his treasure:
Dame fortune still more on helping them bent,
Searched her satchel for treasure more choice;
Found just what she wanted, e'er she had done;
All wrapped in fond wishes of pleasure,
She presented each with an infant son

---

9

Now those children looked as much alike,
As any two babes that could be found;
Though you may travel the countries over,
Seeking and searching the wide world round.

10

To cherish his son each man made a vow;
To shield and protect from every harm;
Both feeling quite sure that they knew just how,
Thoughts of mistakes caused neither alarm.

11

First thing to do, was to give them a name,
Which the parents of each set about;
Tasking their brain without any restrain;
Selected names, then thought most proper, out.

12

The Worth's concluded to call their son Ray,
As he came with the clear morning light;
Maybe to illume the path of life's way,
And grow up to be noble and bright.

13

Mr. Vain and wife called their little son Leo,
Brave as a lion they'd have him be;
Grand as the King in the latest novel,
Struggling for fame and victory.

14

Thus the two children were started in life;
Ray, to bring light contentment and peace;
Leo, a hero in vanity's strife,
Sure as years of their childhood increase.

15

I just took a peep at dear little Ray,
As he lay on the neat corn-husk bed;
His hygienic Aunt had brought from the farm,
The softest, picked out for his head.

16

All dressed in loose wrappers both soft and warm,
With the slip on his pillow to match;
He lay, between soft and fleecy sheets,

Neath a home-made quilt of handsome-
patch.

17

In a little bed-crib just the right thing;
His parents choosing, had taken pains,
To have neither curtains, rockers or springs,
As they valued a bright healthy brain,

18

A small thermometer hung by his bed;
By which, was governed the temperature;
If the room got too warm or cold Ma said,
His screams and cries she could not en-
dure.

19

A ray of contentment that baby seemed,
Within that cottage a beam of light;
Of jumping or rocking he never dreamed,
While he lay cooing so fresh and bright.

20

At stated intervals, little Ray dined
On nectar that nature prepared;
To crave other food, ne'er entered his mind,
To taste water, he sometimes prefered,

21

The tepid bath, daily at half past eight,
Refreshed and strengthened his powers,

After which he rode in his cab in state,
To breathe the perfume of the flowers.

22

He was given a lunch at half past nine,
And then put in his crib for a nap;
Slept while Ma finished her morning work;
Of hygiene comfort, there was no lack,

23

Then took a glance, at his wee cousin Leo,
As he lay rocked in his soft feather bed;
A fine cushion of down he had for a pillow,
Which so over heated his poor little head.

24

Dressed in such tight swathings,—as was the fashion;
Covered with blankets clear over his head;
His cradle most buried in curtains and laces,
I thought it a wonder he was not found dead,

25

The poor little darling was screaming and crying,
While his mother was rocking with all her might;
She tuck'd him up close, though the room was o'er heated,

Then said, now I wonder, he'll never
keep quiet.

26

I thought him too warm, I quietly suggested;
His mamma replied that she didn't think
so,
And said 'twas a terrible thing to be pested,
With such a cross-patch as her little Leo.

27

He screamed and cried till his mamma re-
pented,
The hasty harsh words that she spoke in
a fluff;
And said poor little dear, I fear you are hungry,
Maybe, baby's mamma don't feed him
enough.

28

So she stopped rocking and took him up
quickly;
O Dear, that poor infant was in such a
sweat!
That I intimated to loosen her swathings;
It was such a pity to have the child fret.

29

His mother persisted in keeping them tight-
ened ;

Or she'd have his back crook, said grandmother wise ;
She did not suppose that his clothes ever hurt him,
If they did, she'd have to put up with his noise.

30

She said she would feed him, he must be near famished,
For he had not been fed for almost an hour ;
But his o'er wrought stomach refused to receive it ;
Having much work for its digestive power.

31

His mamma said, baby whatever is ailing,
My sweet little darling I know you are sick !
And called in a boy whom she sent for the doctor ;
Saying, please do hasten and bring him up quick.

32

The doctor arriving, found baby still freting ;
Says he, my dear madam your baby is ill,

But he is so little I can't do much with him,
If he was some bigger I'd give him a pill.

33

His ma took the hint, fetched out mint and catnip,
And quickly prepared the baby to dose ;
I felt so much pity, a bath I suggested,
As the very best way of getting him loose.

34

A bath! how she stared, 'tis seldom I bathe him,
A bath does so weaken, says grandmother Wise ;
Again I'm mistaken, my heart sank within me ;
I could scarcely endure his pitious cries.

35

I thought if I had him alone I could loosen
The bonds that were bursting his poor little sides ;
Please let me step out in the sun with your baby,
The air may refresh him and quieten his cries.

36

Step out with my baby ! indeed I'm not willing ;
The air is so strong for an infant so small;
Don't mention such nonsense I fear it would kill him,
For he never has breathed fresh air at all.

37

Then he was subjected to terrible dosing,
With tea his ma made from the catnip and mint ;
To warm up his stomach she added some ginger ;
I think that her heart must be hard as a flint.

38

Poor little sufferer ! all tired and exhausted,
Rolled his head back and fell into a sleep ;
Was tucked in his cradle to undergo sweating ;
While his mother sat weeping, worried, grieved,

39

O weeping mothers ! when e'er you cease listening

To that grandmother Wise with all her
odd ways,
And listen to common sense teaching you
hygiene,
It will lighten your hearts and lengthen
your days.

40

The father came home from his work to his
dinner;
Found the room unswept and the dishes
not washed,
Said O, how I feel, I could swear like a sinner,
When I think I so often must take a cold
lunch.

41

O dear, do not scold, 'tis the baby that caused
it,
The whole of the morning he worries and
screams,
I've had him to rock, and to dangle and doc-
tor,
The trouble he causes you never can
dream.

42

Well, now I will send you a nurse for that baby,
For this kind of a life I cannot endure;

If this lasts much longer, I think I'll go
crazy;
Said Mr. Vain, while he never looked
bluer.

43

Mr. Worth, came to a steaming hot dinner,
Beef and potatoes, lamb and green peas,
Seasoned with mint sauce and mushroom cat-
sup,
Hot graham gems, macaroni and cheese.

44

He found his wife cheerful, baby thriving;
In his home content was known to reign,
He thankfully blest wife, child and hygiene,
When he thought of his neighbor, Mr.
Vain.

45

Babes will thrive under hygienic treatment,
And mostly be patient, good and mild;
How can they fret? they've nothing to fret for:
Hygiene supplies the wants of a child.

46

Time past along, though steadily onward,
Found the two babies just four months
old;
Ray looked so cute in little short wrappers,
And his hair in tiny curls like gold.

47

Little hands growing so strong and nimble,
Snatching at everything in their reach;
No, baby can't have scissors or thimble,
Nothing but playthings, Mamma did teach.

48

Mrs. Worth bought enough toys for her baby,
And taught him that they were all his own;
With all other things, he should not meddle;
That is not the baby's, leave it alone.

49

He being so young, soon learned the lesson,
What is not baby's do not covet;
It is a law our Father hath given,
And early we should learn to love it.

50

Thus, little Ray, grew fond of his playthings,
And forgot to crave forbidden things;
A seed was sown for strict obedience,
That joy to the parents ever brings.

51

Poor little Leo! still in swathes and long wrappers,
Swelting and fretting through the hot summer days;

Because his Ma says that long clothes are the fashion,
I won't for the world have them shorten'd like Rays.

52

The lady who called to see Mrs. Vain's baby;
His long broider'd wrappers did greatly admire,
And said that his Ma show'd much taste in the fashion,
Which made her permit with more ardent desire.

53

She praised to the lady the smartness of Leo;
Said, you just ought to see his cute little ways,
This morning he pulled from the table my saucer,
His hands are so very much quicker than Rays.

54

He's snatching and pulling at everything near him,
Then if I say ta ta, he flies in a pet;
You just ought to see him we nearly die laughing;

His papa says, Leo's the smartest boy yet.

55

I bought him some playthings, he does not care for them,
And wants everything but them that he can see;
He's after a knife or fork, scissors or thimble,
The latter near choked him last evening at tea.

56

He pulls his pa's whiskers and tears his newspapers.
And if his pa scolds, you should hear him hollar;
The rogue has just broken some of my fine china,
And nearly ruined the lace on my collar.

57

The lady said, well he is such a smart baby;
You'll be sure to have many things to endure;
And then she remarked to the next one she called on,
O dear me, I tell you that baby's a cure.

58

Yes, that poor child had been worried and harassed,

Until his temper was completely spoiled;
And now is becoming unruly and selfish;
Because they don't know how to train up their child.

59

Thus passed the time slowly, yet fleetly,
Marking the babies one year of age;
The parents of both tendered due greeting,
For their amusement did chiefly engage.

60

Ray's father had brought him a lambkin,
After which he ran over the floor;
For little Ray walked very spryly,
His legs having grown strong months before.

61

Mrs. Worth said, 'twas short clothes and hygiene,
That made baby so healthy and strong;
For he laid on his back kicking,
Through the hot smumer, half the day long.

62

He did so pet and caress that lambkin,
And peep so sweetly into its eyes;
Which reflected the innocent love light,
That shone from his own in fond surprise.

63

He had an orange and graham wafers,
Some fine seedless raisins, figs and dates ;
Various presents from friends and neighbors,
With kind greetings that friendship creates.

64

After which, baby went for an airing,
Out in the sunshine and mellow breeze ;
Listened to songs of sweet little birdies,
As they lit in the branches of trees.

65

As the baby partook of the brightness ;
He rejoiced in his innocent glee ;
Though he knew not the meaning of birthday,
He felt so healthful, happy and free.

66

When he went early to sleep that evening,
And was tuck'd in his neat little bed,
You would think he was dreaming of angels,
That constantly watched o'er his head.

67

The Vains hailed the day with a impetuous greeting :
As their own little Leo was one year old :
His mamma said by far the time was too fleeting;

While hoping that honors may duly unfold.

68

His father had brought him a little pug puppy
Which was yelping and squealing upon a rug ;
For baby with scissors hammered and poked him ;
His ma laughing said he's so fond of his pug.

69

If the pug ran away he crept quickly after ;
His legs being weak he had not learned to walk ;
To maul and torment was his chief entertainment ;
That child gets so smart was his parents whole talk.

70

He eats at his pleasure, cream-cakes and choice candies,
Of every description that money could buy ;
His ma said such bon bons were always quite handy,

And more so today, I don't want him to cry.

71

And then came a dinner of dainties and sweet-meats,
Of which the dear baby must have a good fill ;
He drank of the wine his Pa bought for his birthday ;
His parents both hoping he would not be ill.

72

But hope against hope when laws are violated,
Has no more effect than to blow against wind ;
As children for milltubs was never created,
When made do such service, much trouble we find.

73

The meal scarcely over, the child began fretting;
His mother soon rock'd and soothed him to sleep;
But restless he toss'd for awhile on his pillow,
Then waking in fever he cried for relief.

74

They nursed and dosed him all through the evening,

He suffered with pain the whole of the night:
The pleasure was brief the child had on his birthday;
The fault of his parents not treating him right.

---

75

Again we will return to our subjects;
Their birthday anniversaries were three;
And the babes as much grown in the mean-time,
As such babies are likely to be.

76

Ray looked so sweet in his little kilts,
And ringlets now of a golden brown;
With his eyes so bright and such rosy cheeks,
I thought him the nicest child in town.

77

Besides he had such good little manners,
With character so noble and kind;
That none could help but admire and love him,
For to goodness he seem'd inclined.

78

Still like other children, was after fun;

His lamb now a sheep on the lawn lay;
Ray began to tease him to make him run,
But not feeling in humor to play,

79

Up the sheep jumped and bunted him down;
Disappointed, Ray ran to his Ma
With sad complaint, while his face wore a frown,
Saying, sheep such bad animals are.

80

His mother said, Ray if you treat sheep right,
They will always be gentle and good,
Of course if you tease them they want to fight,
Just the same as a little boy would.

81

You know, you do not always want to play;
Well, an animal feels just the same,
And if you tease to make him every day,
You can not expect he'll feel quite tame.

82

Lesson upon lesson that child was taught;
To walk in dutiful Christ-like ways;
Each night and morning was learned to pray,
From the time his tongue could lisp God's praise,

83

Little Leo Vain, looked like a wee soldier,

Arrayed in his prim suit of navy blue,
With military cap and gun over shoulder,
Looked a queer subject for people to view.

84

His parents both thought him quite stylish and pretty,
And strove hard to give him the airs of a man;
Mrs, Vain said, the Worths dress Ray like a baby,
And say they intend to as long as they can.

85

And although so little, he cut up queer antics,
Spoke pert and old fashioned as though he were grown;
His parents determined to make him a hero,
Would have him the smartest that ever was known.

86

His own way brought comfort, he learned while a babe.
That ways of his parents frequent denied;
So whenever he pleased would both disobey;
They said his brave spirit was sure to defy.

To justly walk in the paths of virtue,
And tried to help them every one.

95

At home he caused no fuss or bother,
But willingly his tasks fulfilled ;
Was an aid and comfort to his mother,
While listening to his father's will.

96

Thus, as hands nor brain were never idle,
The streets he never used to roam ;
To do friends or neighbors harm or mischief,
But found employment within his home.

97

Often he prayed to his father above,
To fill his soul with the joy and peace,
That would make him a child of faith and love ;
That his knowledge may daily increase.

98

Thus, he constantly grew in truth and grace ;
Through the choice teachings his parents gave :
In the affections of all found a place,
And grew manly heroic and brave.

99

Leo Vain, had grown weak and was small in statue ;
Being not so healthy as his cousin Ray ;
When starting in life the two children were equal,
But Leo's the smaller and weaker today.

100

For rooms over heated and clothes unbefiting;
Improper feeding, dosing, lack of fresh air ;
Much rocking, tossing and insufficient bathing,
Had ruined his body while needing most care.

101

He now is a child with a weak constitution,
Who has not a very intelligent brain ;
His parents say well its his fine composition,
That makes him much smaller and weaker than Ray.

102

In schooling, his parents selected the teachers,
That they felt pretty sure would give him his way ;

For they said such a child will need no restriction,
He will work when able, when not he should play.

103

If his teachers urged him, he said I don't have to,
And if he was punished ran home in a fright ;
Returning, he brought them a note from his parents ;
We'll take him away if you don't treat him right.

104

When he was at home, was unruly and fretful,
And refused his tasks to roam in the street ;
Neighbors declared him a pest and nuisance,
For mischief and meanness he'd often repeat.

105

He mistreated their children, for the least blunder,
The dears ever chanced to make in their play ;
His parents said well, you can't keep a boy under,

If you want a hero in some future day.

106

He knew naught of praying, a child can't be bothered,
We'll teach him that later, his parents both thought,
And so the two children like ships on the ocean,
Were constantly drifting still further apart.

107

The boys are sixteen, each one still adheres
To the lessons his parents have taught;
Ray was consider'd quite large for his years,
And behav'd as a gentlemen ought.

108

In school he worked hard with resolute will;
Was very well learned for his age;
And striving with knowledge his mind to fill,
In various intelligent ways.

109

At home studi'd books of his father's choice,
And lived by laws of his mother;
He said that her teachings were always wise,
And thought them a-head of all others.

110

Said he intended to be a good man,
Let the sacrifice be what it would;
Spent his evenings in study and plan,
As a faithful ambitious youth should.

111

Lived by hygiene and loved its laws;
Nothing stronger than water he drank;
Wine and tobacco he spurn'd with much cause,
For so many in wretchedness sank.

112

His mother hung mottoes within his room,
They will guide his young life she had said;
Just over the mantle the golden rule;
Don't forget to pray hung by his bed.

113

The first things he saw in the morning light,
Were the guides of his mother's own life;
Which impress'd his soul, and like jewels bright,
They were cherished through peace or strife.

114

The Worth's were happy, they loved their boy,
And felt their home was a paradise;

Their son was a ray of pleasure and joy;
Being obedient manly and nice,

115

Leo Vain grew more weak and unhealthy each year;
His doctor was sought, he ordered more wine;
It would strengthen his body and give him good cheer,
And after a season he'd come along fine.

116

So, much wine he drank, cigaretts were not lacking;
The best his Ma bought him, she said, as a rule;
His mother said well, you know smoking's the fashion,
If Leo objects the boys call him a fool.

117

He idled in school caring naught for study;
His evenings were spent from home with his pals;
He learned no good from their weak conversation,
Which was either on card-playing dancing or gal's.

118

He fought with his schoolmates, quarreled with neighbors,
In deed it was seldom he treated them nice;
He thought it above him to do or learn labor,
Although of all trades Leo had his own choice

119

He lounged on street corners to fill out the days,
When, for a vacation was ended the school;
Then when he tired of lounging or idle play,
To read a cheap novel was always his rule.

120

It was intimated that Leo lived fast,
When he was seen enter saloons after dark;
Let him sow his wild oats, he'll be alright at last,
His father and mother was heard to remark.

121

He cared naught for counsel of parents or friends,
Thought it most proper they should bend to his will,

And when e'er he had done wrong he would not make amends,
Yet, his parents both thought him heroic still.

122

His ma spoke of praying, he laughingly said, nonsense,
Poor ma, slave of fashion, I pity your fate
You have delayed teaching for Le to grow older,
And now you find out you are teaching too late.

123

Our subjects have grown to manhood's estate;
I reckoned their years with father time,
As he strove their parents to compensate;
He has landed the boys in their prime.

124

Through anxious years, those parents have waited,
Loved and cherished their only sons;
Waited and watched them grow to manhood,
And now at last they are twenty-one.

125

Ray Worth has returned home from college,

And a smarter young man you don't find;
He has faithfullv worked for knowledge,
That illumines and brightens his mind.

126

And in his physical form and feature,
Dame nature accomplished her work;
Such a kind and benevolent creature
Her fond tasks never willingly shirk.

127

He has grown so robust, tall and handsome,
He has such an intelligent face,
And his eyes they look so honest and true,
And he moves with such manly grace.

128

He is much respected and admired,
Wherever he chances to be known;
As his watchful parents have desired,
Should be, their dutiful loving son.

129

"Cashier wanted at the farmer's bank,
Preferred a resident of the town:
Wanted a man that's honest, staunch and frank;
Apply to the owner, James F. Brown."

130

My attention attracted to this ad.,
While scanning the weekly politician;

When I heard it whispered, I was glad
That young Ray Worth got that position.

131

Leo Vain, being no worthier than of yore,
Has not stored his mind with useful knowledge;
Averse to study, as I have stated before;
Was unprepared to enter the college,

132

So loafing and idling away all his time,
He naturally got into loose reekless ways,
And harbored such habits through his youth and prime,
That clouded his life all the rest of his days.

133

His face showed the signs of much dissipation,
His frame had grown weak and his body was small;
His habits were such that met no approbation,
Of people that cherished virtue at all.

134

Ever further away poor Leo was drifting,
From virtues of life sinking deeper in sin;
Away from straight paths into those unforbidden,

Which seemed so pleasant he lingered therein.

135

Of course Le dressed to the highth of the fashion,
As from a baby he'd always been used;
Smoked, drank, gambled and put such a dash on,
That he was considered a dandy or dude,

136

His fast life expenses, grew large and expanded,
And once in a while Leo got in a scrape;
His father's hard earnings were given up frankly;
That his erring son from disgrace may escape,

137

At such times his parents were grieved and contended
That all his misdoings were fast growing worse;
It never availed but always was ended,
By Le's saucy remarks and an empty purse.

"Ten years have past and gone
since last I met
The contrasting subjects of my
rhyme."

138

Alas! the time came when they could not supply him;
He turned on his parents in anger and wrath,
Away I will go then to seek my own fortune,
And so from his home treads the prodical path.

---

139

Ten years have past and gone, since last I met
The contrasting subjects of my rhyme:
As I from their native seashore town was kept
By things of import, that length of time.

140

At last impatient longing of my heart,
By coveted leisure was repaid ;
So for the distant sea-side I depart,
From the city heat to rural shade.

141

What changes met my eyes I can't recant,
As I advanced toward the spot,
Where rusticated pleasures would supplant
Cares and worries, fallen to my lot.

142

But as the fleeting years are rolling past,

They so many changes with them bring ;
Unheeded by us, till we find at last,
Summer supercedes the place of spring.

143

And so I found that thrifty town had grown,
And soon the name of city as prize ;
Although its rural districts on the shore
Is little changed, since our men were boys.

144

I had written to my dear trusty friend,
Who dwelt in a cottage by the sea ;
And knew when I got to my journey's end,
The warmest welcome awaited me,

145

As I rode through the pleasant city streets,
I passed a stately handsome dwelling ;
Which stood midst blooming vines and shading trees,
That was the hot suns rays repelling.

146

As my conductor saw my earnest gaze,
He volunteered this information ;
Mr. Ray Worth, the banker, owns that place;
One of the best men in the nation.

147

He married the daughter of Banker Brown,
While cashier of the former's bank ;
And so he's now in pards with James F.
Brown ;
And says 'tis hygiene and mother to
thank.

148

His parents are living down by the sea,
In that pretty white cottage you'll pass,
With lovely grounds, and are happy and
free ;
They do belong to the genteel class.

149

I, having arrived at my summer resort,
A clean rustic cottage built down by the
sea ;
I there met the dear friend of my school-days
and thought
Of pleasures awaiting my hostess and me.

150

Th boats in the bay, I could see from my win-
dow,
The sea breeze was pleasant, the land-
scape was fine;

The trees in the back-ground were nodding a
welcome,
To weary worn strangers that visit their
clime.

151

While resting, my thoughts to our subjects
reverted;
I thought of Ray Worth, as my pride and
my joy;
And wondered if Leo was still as perverted,
Reckless, and selfiish as he was when a
boy.

152

I found by inquiry, that Leo more wanting
In traits that are virtuous, honest and true;
For years had wandered as tramp through the
country,
Half clad and half starving with no work
to do.

153

For none would employ a young fellow so
worthless;
His father worked hard and sent Leo cash;
Who would drink, smoke, and gamble, as long
as it lasted,
For when he had money he would cut a
dash.

154

His parents removed from their station in life,
Now lived in a humble part of the town;
For the money sent Leo, by Vain and his wife,
Embarrassed their finance, brought their pride down.

155

Their hopes dissapointed, their money expended,
By their son, who had proven an utter disgrace;
They lived in retirement, so their days ended,
In sorrow and chagrin they could not displace.

156

A few short months later, there came to my notice,
As I was perusing the news of the times,
The trial and sentence of fast living Leo
To prison for life, for felonious crime,

157

So ends the career of the child so neglected;
A dear life that would have been useful and bright,
Spoiled and perverted through indulgent ambition,

And cool dis-regard of laws morally right.

158

Bringing much sadness and trouble to parents,
Striving their children from misery to save;
So clouding their lives by obscuring the brightness,
That sorrow soon brings their grey hairs to the grave.

---

159

O unthinking parents give heed to this warning;
For if you observe the scenes in life,
You will find that half the sorrow and trouble,
And one half of the world's bitter strife
Is caused by misgoverned and untrained minds,
And the disregard of nature's laws:
The sickness and suffering we have to endure,
Is brought on by a natural cause,

160

Our Father in heaven has given a mission,
To His sons and daughters one and all;
He expects us to fill responsible places,

And honestly respond to His call.
The choices of all, is as father and mother ;
To them he entrusts the spirits sent
Away to this earth, to work out their probation,
Who are for that purpose to us lent.

161

Then how it behoves us to guide their frail footsteps ;
In the path that will lead them aright ;
That they may all be able to fill their missions,
And may be counted the Lord's delight.
I think that our Father in heaven, expects us
To endow them and keep them in health;
For those in ill-health with a frail constitution,
Can accomplish but little themselves.

162

When endowed with a healthy body and brain;
The soul is unburdened and free,
To shed forth its light to fellow creatures abroad,
And is a blessing to you and me.
If trained in the graceful ways of rigetousness,
In the paths that our Redeemer trod ;

He will grant them a passport for a safe return,
To the celestial home of God.

163

O mother ! you have within your maternal reach,
The power to modify the nations :
By informing your minds, as I do now beseech
You can defy all subjugation ;
And bring the nations to the standard of the just ;
Where they will be much more united :
Then the strength of the people, in the Lord will trust,
In the day their souls are not blighted.

164

Then awake to your duty, awake to your power !
While the Lord still gives you probation ;
And waste not your talents, the Lord's precious power,
Or abandon them to isolation :
But arouse all your skill to the need of the times ;
Be valued as mother of worth,
Who will cheer, guide and strengthen the souls of mankind :
Be as bright shining lights of the earth.

# ODE TO THE SPIRIT OF MY BABE.

SEBASTIAN my baby, I love you!
With a love that cannot be told;
For your eyes were so true,
Of heavenly blue;
And your hair was just touched with gold.

Sebastian, my baby, I see you
With face so angelic and fair,
Like the lily so pure,
Long as life did endure;
For my baby had never a care.

Sebastain, my baby, I love you!
I love that sweet innocent smile,
That my babe always had,
When her fond heart was glad;
For it was greeting us all the while.

Sebastian, my baby, I love you!
And you keep my love fresh and pure,

With the thoughts of your ways,
In those dear baby days;
No mother could ever love truer.

Sebastian, my baby, I miss you
As I stand by your silent grave;
God has taken you home,
With the angels to roam,
And I know He is keeping you safe.

Sebastian, my baby, I greet you,
As you come to me in my dreams,
With a loving caress,
Which gives birth to distress,
When I find things are not as they seemed.

Sebastian, my baby, I'll meet you,
At the dorn of some future day,
If the Lord in His love,
Will so help me to live,
That I keep in the heavenly way.

Sebastian, my baby, is waiting
So patient for mamma to come;
I am coming, my dear,
And the time's drawing near,
When the work of this life will be done.

# DECORATION DAY.

DECORATION day! thee we hail with silent joy!
As our thoughts are turned to those we've loved and lost,
The fountains of our tears, are opened with a sigh:
To decorate their graves, full many a pang it cost
When our work is done, we stand and think of those above,
Who have gone beyond this vale of mortal sighs and tears;
And wonder if their spirits see the lowly work of love,
That we bestow upon their graves, these many years.

And as around their flower-strewn vaults we slowly walk,
We wonder if they smile upon us and are pleased
With the tokens that kind hearts and willing hands have wrought,
Of love of faithful friends, that death has thus bereaved.

And while yet gazing on our work, the flowers they fade,
As if in sympathy with those they are brought to cheer;
They droop and die on the mounds of the dead they are laid;
Their fragrance rising on the breeze, sooth sad hearts anear.

And thus our work so soon to the mortal eye is lost,
And yet it shining lives, and for us islaid away;
A jewel bright, is worth to us all that it has cost,
And will return a sparkling gem some future day.

"Our thougts are turned to those we've loved and lost"

Then let us keep in mind, that our deeds forever live,
We shall meet them all again, when we've crossed the tide;
And let them be the kind, that our hearts will never grieve,
But will give us cheer and joy, and make us satisfied.

For soon our turn will come, how soon we cannot define;
There are others waiting now, to step into our place;
Our record must be made within our allotted time,
O may it forever shine, with righteous love and grace !

That when our spirits shall arise, they will solace give,
Like the fragrance of the flowers, that die upon the graves;
Then the earthly casket left, emblems of our souls that live,
Will be fit and ample decoration for our graves.

# AN INSCRIPTION TO FAITH.

O, faith! what art thou that so many strive for thee? and so many which have found thee cling to thee so steadfastly above other things; they love and cling to thee; yea, more tenaciously than they cling to life; and those having obtained and lost thee, how dejected! Thou eternal beacon of living light that has lived through countless ages of time and eternity, and has breathed thy breath upon the lives of millions that have passed from mortality to immortality, and still brightens the lives of millions which yet remain on this mundane sphere of probation, and are struggling onward and upward to gain the approbation of thy Master. How old, yet how fair thou art! Wise in thy simplicity and strong in thy gentleness! Thou spark of eternal fire that has emanated from the throne of God, to raise the spirits of mankind step by step, until they may reach the eminence afar off, from which thou came; brightening, ever brightening, as they rise until they shine like polished jewels, and are fit ornaments for God's kingdom! Thou kindlest a spark of love within the human breast. which grows and brightens until it shines forth from the soul, casting a halo around the lives of God's benighted creatures, and ere long that all-seeing eye beams with

benevolence upon the children He has fashioned after His own image, and so dearly loves, because of the righteous intent that faith has kindled in their breasts. O, faith, thou art a mighty worker! Infinite in thy strength, untiring as the billows of eternity, thou never ceaseth thy labors, thou workest wonders and miracles, thou healeth the sick both physically and spiritually, thou comforts the heart of the poor and strengtheneth the widow and orphan, both temporally and spiritually, and thou openeth the eyes of the blind ; yea, thou toucheth the veil between the seen and the unseen with thy magic wand, and it is drawn aside, that we may look into the portals of eternity and behold the works thou hast wrought there. Thou refreshest the soul, like unto the gentle breeze that sweeps the destroying heat from restless nature. Thou art forever gurgling forth from the rock of refuge to the weary soul. Thou art the forerunner of salvation, the foundation of principalities and powers; by thee the stars maintain their position in the heavens, the planets rotate, the earth moves, the seas keep their bounds and all things exist and fulfill the measure of their creation. The heart of the fathers are turned to the children, the hearts of the children to the parents, and the hearts of mankind are turned to God, that the strength of his kingdom may be completed ere thou hast done thy work on this earth.

O, faith! how our thoughts are turned to thy gracious divinity as thou glides gently over the land to all nations, kindreds, tongues and people, to support and comfort and bring them back to the presence of God, where they will be touched by His glory and strengthened by his His power, that they may be enabled to

work to His honor and glory, to their own exaltation and adornment through time and all eternity O, faith! thou great and glorious virtue! may we search thee more dilligently, and having obtained thee, may thou find room in our hearts to grow O, let not skepticism cast thee out, but let us cling to thee with all the strength of onr souls, and may thou consent to abide with us through this world and the worlds to come, bringing joy to our lives and pcace to our souls, that we may render gratitude and praise to the creator of all good Dear faith! I beseech thee to be my bosom frieud always, and hope thy holy influence will be my reliance, through the ages that are to come, for ever and ever, thou blessed Faith!

O, faith, may we cherish thee more than earth's gold!
For thy priceless value can never be told.
The root of all evil's thy lack in God's word;
The heart of the heathen, thee in God never stirred.

Thou lighteth the soul far above vicious thought,
And turneth bad actions to good, as thou ought;
Thou helpeth the weak ones and leadeth the blind,
And lighteth the path of benighted mankind.

Thou grows in the heart, if thou canst but find room,
And scatters a-far the gray clouds of man's doom;
Thy sceptre of confidence banishes doubt,
And touching despondence soon casteth it out.

Then let us make room for thee in our hearts,
And, having made friends with thee, never more part.
But cherish thee more than earth's silver or gold,
For thy value, O faith, can never be told!

# THE SEARCH FOR CHARITY.

1

ONE day I met a man, an aged sire;
As I chanced to stroll across the green lea,
He looked forlorn and seemed so tired,
That his mien and attitude attracted me.
"Kind sir;" said I, "I pray that you will tell,
From whence you came, or wither do you go?
You seem to have wandered here from the dell;
What you seek I should very much like to know,"

2

"My dear ones I've lost by death's ruthless hand,
The fortune I found, produced wings and fled;
And now I am wandering o'er the land,
In the search of a friend that I fear is dead.
A friend that always dwelt within my home,
Till prosperity and fortune to me came,
When she was crowded out the world to roam;

So Charity left my roof, that is her name,"

3

So spoke the sire, that I met in my walk,
And asked had I seen his wandering friend;
"Or mayhap, of her you have heard some talk?
If so, I pray you will information lend,
To rest my weary feet and ease my heart;
For of her kind smile I am sorely in need,
It would rest my soul and ease censures dart,
If to her sweet voice I could only give heed."

4

"I fancy I saw her somewhere," I said;
"But the earth is so big and its space so wide,
I declare it's gone quite out of my head,
I think it must have been on the other side.
You ask if I've heard? ah, yes, many times,—
Of her virtues and patrons of every turn;
She's flattered and boasted by all mankind;
But of her where-abouts I never could learn.

5

"And yet my dear sir, I feel sure she lives;
Perhaps in some secluded spot, you will find
Your friend, the thought of which such comfort gives;
For they say she is benevolent and kind.
I should like to help, if I but knew how;
Though the problem is so hard for us to solve;
You seem to have searched so long ere now?
Speak to me freely, sire, of your own resolve."

6

Then spake out the sire. as he sat to rest,
And leaned his head against the gnarled oak;
"I have searched so long, I must confess,
That I have lost my patience and feel provoke:
But listen, the sad story you shall hear,
Of my travels and searches all, until now;
How the grief of my heart found vent in tears;
While perspiration stood on my heated brow.

7

"For I have grown old, am not very
strong ;
I expect before long, to rest in the tomb ;
My conscience acuses me all day long,
Till I am an object of sorrow and gloom :
For charity dwelt in my humble heart,
Just as long as I had neither lands nor gold ;
The true friends she brought me, were
better far,
And I need them so, now I am growing old.

8

"After wealth found me, I had no leis-
ure,
To give my heed to fond Charity's calls ;
Instead of duty I thought of pleasure,
Until I had no time for duty at all.
My spirit grew proud and my heart grew
cold,
And once cherished Charity lonesome grew ;
Soon she decided her wings to unfold,
And far away from my proud mansion she
flew.

9

I felt prosperity cast me aside,
From the day that my Charity took her flight;

Reverses did visit, and woe betide;
I realized the change and felt the blight.
Had I but cherished kind Charity, still,
I feel that my life would have been a success ;
I think the Lord would have kept me
from ill,
If I had put aside my vain selfishness.

10

"But I lost my lands and I lost my gold,
I lost my loved ones which to me were dear ;
For death on his list their names enrolled,
And now I am a poor lone wanderer here.
I despised an attribute of God ;
Much was expected, as so much was given ;
And feel the scourge of His chastening
rod,
O may he grant my sin shall be forgiven.

11

"And thus, I started out my friend to
seek,
And make some small amends for my wasted
life ;
I go in contrition with spirit meek,
To battle against sad misfortune and strife :
And if Charity I can only find,
She will help I am sure to dispel this gloom,

Which is a burden to body and mind,
And will bring me many years nearer the tomb.

12

"I looked for charity in the church,
But I found her not within its sacred bounds,
For she had left its people in the lurch,
As censure and doubt went on their Sunday rounds.
So I strolled to the convention hall;
But soon saw that she had not entered there;
For monopoly occupied the stand,
And vain bigotry sat in the lordly chair.

13

"I visited then the session of court,
Where justice of earth is claimed to be found;
Most surely, if charity is abroad,
She will call there on her benevolent round.
A frail girl stood in the prisoner's dock,
And she spoke of her parents both being dead,
Said the money they found pinned in her frock,
She had stolen to buy the little ones bread.

14

"The judge looked down on her with scowling brow,

While he said, 'I am here to enforce the law,
Which no excuse for stealing does allow;
We will lock you in for thirty days therefore.'
So I know that Charity was not there,
Or she would have stepped to the poor girl's aid,
And soften the judge in his rigid chair,
To temper the sentence of the orphan maid.

15

"Then I bethought me of the higher court,
The establishment called the court supreme;
It was there I next, fair Charity sought,
Within those spectral halls of fine regime.
A young man sat on the prisoner's bench,
With pallid face, that was full of honest zeal;
The judge and attorneys behind the fence,
With astute features and hearts as hard as steel.

16

"They said this man had killed his brother!
It happened all by accident, he said;
In handing a gun from one to the other,
A leaden ball had pierced his brother's head.

We all well know that most brothers dispute
Upon topics on which they cannot agree;
On these grounds they chose his word to refute,
And accused the man of vile perjury.

17

"O life was so dear to that strong young man,
With such brave honest features and manly form;
That his sentence of death was a woeful ban,
And the court has much need of supreme reform.
The higher I go, the farther I get
From Charity's path and what sorrow befalls;
I found her not there, will go higher yet;
I will visit the senate and congress halls.

18

"And so I traversed the country o'er,
Amidst wind and rain, amidst snow and sleet;
Till my limbs were weary, my feet were sore,
When I landing took rest in the City street.
Advanced to the palace of state, ere long,

I entered those burnished congress halls;
None observed as I passed midst the throng,
Where I found a nook in its sheltering walls.

19

"As I sat and waited in silence there,
I saw congressmen framing our nations laws;
As each one left his political chair,
And spake in contempt of his fellowmen's cause:
Each strove to push his political bill,
And banish the scenes of his fellowmen's plots;
Until the convention resulted in ill;
For truly their tempers were all sissing hot.

20

"I left the hall in despair and regret,
And I traveled until you found me here;
For the more I search the farther I get
Away from my once cherished Charity dear.
Alas! I've been to the fountain of law,
Where surely kind Charity ought to be found;
But there I found naught but cavil and jaw,
For vain greed and selfishness only abound.

21

"O! I feel that to lay me down and die,
Would be the best blessing that God could bestow;
For charity must have flown beyond the sky,
I never shall find her while living I know;
For man has no love for his fellow man,
In thought or action, in word or saintly deed;
Selfish vanity is the mortal ban,
That o'er spreads the earth, like some obnoxious weed."

22

"O be not hasty in your judgement, sire!
And dispond not while your mortal life endures;
But let your manly efforts never tire,
In searching a virtue so holy and pure.
I'll strive to help you, we'll journey as one,
And mayhap erelong we shall meet with success:
So let your sorrow and grief be agone,
And cultivate hope, in the place of distress.

23

"You looked through church, convention and courts,
And searched the mansions of haughty and prond;

Now to the homes of the poor we'll resort,
Who dwell in the midst of obscurity's cloud,"
We left behind us the proud City streets,
The park and the palace of fashion and rest:
And wended our way to modest retreats,
Where we fain would search for the virtue in quest.

24

We halt at a hut, that's lowly, yet fair,
Amidst the green foliage that covers it's walls;
Our host asked God, in his evening prayer,
That his heart may ne'er close to Charity's calls,
He tendered us welcome while we would stay;
Shared with us freely the little he had;
His projects so graciously modest were they,
That they rested our souls and made our hearts glad,

25

We took our departure at dawn of day;
Our faith was strengthened, we breathed more free,
As we bade farewell and hied us away;
We would search through that district of country,
We came to a cottage by the lone woods,
Where lived a chopper with wife and children eight;

As we were told at the village above,
From which we followed a path to his gate.

26

They were glad to see us, bid us to stay,
While resting on weary limbs and aching feet;
And the good housewife did hasten away
To prepare the noontime meal, that we may eat.
We talked with the woodman neath the tree,
Which he strove by the swing of his ax to fell;
"What think you of laws and bills that's to be
Passed in the land sir, we pray you tell."

27

Said he, "Some of them does not suit my cause,
But for some others, the bills are just in hand;
I hold with making of a country's laws,
For the mass of the people throughout the land;
For a man should not consider himself,
But work for the good of his fellows on earth,
And work for the good of his country's wealth;
If he is a man of consistence or worth,"

28

We then repaired to the festive board,
Where we partook of refreshment, pure and sweet;

For conversation and actions were stored,
With the virtue we had so strove to meet.
On my companions life, a change was wrought,
As he found the true friends of his long desire
United with himself in word and thought;
With new lease on life he seemed inspired.

29

So in jubilance we journeyed on,
To farther search the regions of the poor ;
Suffice to say that ever and anon,
We met charity among the most obscure :
In some and every form amidst those vales,
In thought or word, or in rightious, saintly deed ;
We found at last fair Charity prevails,
Easing aching hearts and filling human need.

30

O blessed are they whom charity hath !
To distribute abroad to fellow-mankind ;
Kind thoughts, words and actions forever live
When we go to the grove, they linger behind.
Then let us remember this life is short,
We all can afford to put selfishness by,
And nurture kind charity as we ought ;
Then we all to love one another will try.

# THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

I HASTE to leave my cottage, at the peeping of the day;
And watch the shadows slowly, softly glide to hide away;
While hailing their departure, which they take in graceful ease,
I feel refreshed and strengthened, by the fanning of the breeze.

I love to leave my chamber, at the day's refreshing dawn,
And gaze upon the sunrise, on the beauties of the morn;
How lovely is the verdure, in the cool refreshing breeze;
How beautiful the gleaming rays of sunlight through the trees!

How happy seems all nature! at the dawning of the day;
How clip and peart the little birds are singing as they play;
How laughs the little rivulet! while it ripples to the seas;

At the gleaming of the sunshine, that glances through the trees.

How joyfully I greet the morn! while darkness floats away;
Until the chill October: from the very first of May;
When I listen to the charms of birds and humming bees,
And watch the golden sunrays, come and play among the trees.

All nature smiles in greeting, at the coming of the light;
It seems so condesending, so benevolent and bright:
I always long to linger, and inhale the mellow breeze,
And watch the merry sunbeams, as they dance amoung the trees.

My soul will be uplifted, at the dawning of that day,
When the earthly sun and shadows of this life pass away,
And my mortal labor ceases, my heart will feel at ease;
If I linger in God's glory as it gleams among the trees.

# A COMMUNICATION WITH THOUGHTS.

## PART I,—THE ENQUIRY,

PURE and holy thoughts of origin divine!
Why is it thou hast condescended to impart
Complacence to this humble mortal brain of mine;
The clandestine desire that fills my throbbing heart?
Ye elevated thoughts sublime!

Art thou golden rays of priceless heavenly love
Escaping through life's clouds that ever and anon
Throw shades which intervene us and the light above,
That gives us strength to bid those fitful clouds begone?
Ye jewels rare, of peace and love!

O grand and noble thoughts! why dost thou deign to work
Like potters in the clay, in this low world of ours?

Fashioning thy subjects into vessels of true worth,
Illuminating souls in thy controlling powers?
Ye instruments of joy on earth!
Why mingle in our lives who are so lonely here,
And visit many who do spurn and cast thee off?
As fancies of the brain, deserving of their jeers;
While thy grand missions here they ridicule and scoff!
Ye thoughts that to me, art so dear!

Yet some fondly cherish thee, as the voice of love,
Descending from the mystic world so far away;
Comest thou from heaven; through dear ones gone above?
O fondly cherished thoughts! answer me I pray,
And thus uncertainty remove.

PART 2,—THE RESPONSE.

Alas! we are but thoughts, so in thought will give reply;
We are voices of the just, who ever hover nigh;
We are voices of the souls, who trod the ways of God.
And have laid their bodies down to rest within the soil.

We are friends to all on earth, who only will
give heed,
To our warning silent voice, in times of hu-
man need;
We are willing to renew the battles we have
fought,
To gain prestige in your hearts, as we have
always sought.

We are willing to impart to those that's left
below,
The love that prompted us, in the years past
long ago:
We are willing to respond, to every human
call
From the spirit land above, if they'll but heed
us all.
The thoughts that prompted us, while upon
this earthly sphere,
We will transmit to all you frail mortals dwel-
ling here ;
To shield your precious lives, from vain pride
and earthly sin.
If you will but open your hearts and kindly
let us in

We would save you vain regrets, when this
earthly life is done ;
And help you journey on, till the battle you
have won ;

Then in heaven you'll meet friends, who
kindly prompted thoughts,
And you'll know the reason why, to ease your
lives they've sought.

We fain would lead you from the snares, that
beset your paths,
Yes, shield you from the sins that are claiming
Father's wrath,
Lead you in the better ways, the blessed an-
gels trod ;
Yes, in the ways of Christ, till we guide you
back to God.

O then give heed to thoughts, from loved
ones past away ;
Work with a will for the better life, work,
Watch and pray ;
Night soon comes you'll gather home to reap
your just reward ;
Then strive to meet, with lives complete, in
mansions of our Lord.

# A CURIOSITY.

COPY OF A LETTER ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY THE SAVIOR.

Mr. William Ringsford has brought to my attention a peculiar pamplet, which he says he has had in his possession a great many years. It contains a letter said to have been written by Jesus Christ. Following is a copy of all that appears in the pamphlet:

A copy of a letter written by our blessed Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, and found eighteen miles from Iconium, fifty-three years after our blessed Savior's crucifixion.

Translated from the Holy City by a converted Jew.

Faithfully translated from the original Hebrew copy, now in possession of Lady Cuba's family at Mesopotamia.

This letter was written by Jesus Christ and found under a great stone, round and large, at the foot of the cross. Upon the stone was engraved "Blessed is he that shall turn me over." All people that saw it prayed to God earnestly desiring that He would make this writing known unto them, and that they might not attempt in vain to turn it over. In the meantime there came out a little child, about six or seven years of age, and turned it over without assistance, to the admiration of every person who was standing by. It was carried to the city of Iconium and there published by a person belonging to Lady Cuba.

On the letter was written the commandments of Jesus Christ: Signed by the angel Gabriel, seventy-four years after our Savior's birth.

A LETTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

Whosoever worketh on the Sabbath day shall not

prosper. I command you all to go to church and keep the Lord's day holy, without doing any manner of work. You shall not idly spend your time in bedecking yourselves with superfluities of costly apparel, and vain dresses, for I have ordained it to be a day of rest. I will have it kept holy and your sins may be forgiven you. You shall not break my commandments but observe and keep them, write them in your heart, and steadfastly observe what is written, and spoken with my own mouth. You shall not only go to church yourself, but also send your manservants and your maidservants, and observe my words and commandments You shall finish your labor every Saturday in the afternoon by six o'clock, at which hour is the preparation of the Sabbath. Iadvise you to fast five Fridays in the year, beginning with Good Friday,and continuing the four Fridays immediately following, in remembrance of the five wounds which I received for all mankind. You shall diligently and peaceably labor in you respective dwellings, wherein it hath pleased God to place you. You shall love one another with brotherly love; and cause them that are baptised to go to church and receive the sacraments, baptism and the Lord's supper, and to be made members of the church; in so doing I will give you a long life and many blessings; and your land shall flourish, and your cattle bring forth in abundance; and I will give unto you many blessings and comforts in the greatest temptations, and he that doth to the contrary shall be unprofitable. I will also send hardness of heart upon them till I see them, but especially upon the impenitent and unbelieving. He that hath much, by giving to the poor shall not be unprofitable. Remember he that hath a copy of this letter, written with my own hand, and spoken with my own mouth, and keepeth it without publishing to others, shall not prosper; but he that publisheth it to others shall be blessed of me; and though his sins be in number as the stars of the sky,and he truly believe in me they shall be pardoned; but if he believe not in me and my commandments, I will send my own plagues upon him, and consume both him, his children and his cattle. And whosoever

shall have a copy of this letter, and keep in their houses, nothing shall hurt them—neither lightening, pestilence nor thunder—and if a woman be in labor, and a copy of this letter be about her, and she firmly put her trust in me. she shall safely be delivered.

CHRIST'S CURES AND MIRACLES.

He cleansed a leper by touching him; he healed the Centurian's servant, afflicted with the palsy; Peter's mother-in-law of a fever; several possessed of devils; stilled a most violent tempest; cured a man sick of the palsy, raised a man from the dead; restored two blind men to sight; cured a dumb man who was possessed of a devil; fed about 5000 with five loaves and two fishes; walked on the sea; cured the diseases of Genesaret by a touch of his garments; cured a woman of the devil; multitudes of lame, blind, dumb, maimed, etc., and fed 4000 with seven loaves and three small fishes.

KING AGABUS' LETTER TO CHRIST.

I have heard of thee and the cures wrought by thee without herb or medicines; for it is reported thou restorest sight unto the bliud, maketh the lame to walk, cleanseth the leper, raiseth the dead, and healeth those that are tormented with diseases of long continuance; having heard all this of thee I was fully persuaded to believe one of these two things: either that thou art a very God and comest down from heaven to do such miracles, or else thou art the Son of God and performest them; wherefore I have now sent these lines entreating thee to come hither and cure my diseases. Besides having heard that the Jews murmur against thee and contrive to do thee mischief, I invite thee to my city, which is little, indeed, but exceedingly beautiful and sufficient for us both.

OUR SAVIOUR'S ANSWER.

Blessed art thou Agabus for believing in me whom thou hast seen not, for it is written, that they who have not seen me should believe and be saved; but as to the matter thou hast wrote about, these are to acquaint thee that all the things for which I am sent must be fulfilled, and that I shall be taken up

and returned to him that sent me; but after my ascension I will send one of my disciples who shall cure thy distemper, and give life to thee and all them that are with thee.

LENTULUS' EPISTLE TO THE SENATE OF ROME.

There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, called Jesus Christ, who by the people is called a Prophet; but his deciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cures all manner of diseases, a man of statnre, somewhat tall and comely, with a reverend countenance such as the beholders both fear and love. His hair is the color of a chestnut all ripe, and is plain almost down to his ears; but from thence downward is somewhat curled, but more of the oriental color, waving about his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam or parting, like the Nazarites.

His forehead is very plain and smooth. His face without either wrinkle or spot, beautiful with a comely red, his nose and mouth so formed that no thing can be reprehended; his beard thick, the color of his head; his eyes grey, clear and quick. In reproving he is severe, in counselling he is courteous; he is of a fair spoken, pleasant and grave of speech; never seen by anyone to laugh but often seen by many to weep; in proportion to his body he is well shaped and straight, and both hands and arms are very delectable. In speaking he is very temperate, modest and wise. A man for his singular beauty, far exceeding all the sons of men.

THE END.

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